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## SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. HARRIET DINNEY STEELE.

As spely breath from tropic isles  
Steals out upon the seas,  
And voyagers half yet unseen shores,  
Scenting the fragrant breeze, —

So may the aroma of our lives,  
In holy words and deeds  
Float out upon the world's drear waste,  
Supplying others' needs.

So may poor wanderers catch the balm  
On life's boisterous tide,  
And haste to reach the isles of peace,  
Where we by faith abide.

So may the Christ-love in our hearts  
Its sweetness shed abroad,  
That we, ourselves unseen, may draw  
Lost souls to Christ, the Lord!

## THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

BY PROF. B. P. BOWNE.

"Force, like matter, has been discovered to be indestructible," and hence a great many things follow. The most prominent conclusion, however, with the rhetoricians is, that the physical universe is a true perpetual motion capable of running on forever, and so far as we know, able to do without a creator. This is a most important proposition, if true.

But the moment one attempts to expound, or even to understand, this doctrine, it becomes clear that our scientific theology is bent upon reproducing Babel. When we begin the study of mechanics or physics, force is defined as whatever tends to alter the condition of a body, whether in motion or at rest. According to this definition, chemical affinity, cohesion, gravity, and the various forms of repulsion are all ranged under the head of force. So far all is plain sailing. But, by and by, the conservation man comes in and tells us (1), that force is indestructible; (2), that all work involves the expenditure of force; and (3) that all the forces of nature pass into one another.

This, too, seems quite plain, and we proceed to apply our new knowledge. We know that the attractive and repulsive forces of the universe are constantly doing work, and since work involves the expenditure of force, we look to find them growing less and less. But at once the discouraging fact appears, that they are often stronger than ever after an indefinite amount of work. Still, the professor of physics did define force as stated, and the conservationist did say that all work involves the expenditure of force.

A similar difficulty arises when we attempt to understand the passage of one force into another. Certain forces are said to be only modes of motion, and we contrive to understand that one mode of motion might well pass into another. But when it comes to the original attractions and repulsions of the elements, we are quite at sea again. That gravitation, which acts indifferently on all elements and which obeys the law of the inverse square, should suddenly become chemical affinity, which acts only selectively and which does not vary as the inverse square, is a notion which it requires great mental suppleness clearly to realize. That either gravity or affinity should become repulsion, is a doctrine that would have delighted Hegel. Still, some of the rhetorical conservationists do speak as if these central forces do pass into one another.

But these difficulties will not compare with the mental buffettings we receive when we attempt to apply the doctrine of the constancy of force. That the sum total of force in the universe is a constant quantity, is not to be doubted by any one who claims to be a thinker at all; and we, unwilling to forego the claim, hasten to repeat the creed. But we are in the toils of our professor of physics still. We try to say the attractions of the universe are a constant quantity, when the awkward fact turns up in memory that

they vary in the most disagreeable way. Perhaps, then, the repulsions are constant; or, it may be, the sum of attractions and repulsions, or their difference, is a constant quantity. But our professor of physics pursues us relentlessly and denounces each of these suppositions. Now, see our difficulty: Force is expended or used up in doing work, but it is not any of the attractive and repulsive forces of the elements. And force is constant, too; but it is no assignable one. Something is constant, no doubt, if only we knew what it is; and we stand ready to believe as soon as some one will give a consistent expression of the creed. But, plainly, if the physicist and conservationist use the word "force" in the same sense, it would be hard to harmonize their utterances. But if we use it with different meanings, it is at least an inconvenient terminology which is apt to send the rhetorician off into grandiloquent flights about the unity and eternity of the universe, and which sends the student off on a wild-goose chase. Not to mention the physiological metaphysicians, who, naturally enough, misunderstood the doctrine, no less a person than Faraday himself was betrayed into some astonishing speculations concerning the ether and its relation to gravity, solely by the ambiguity of this word "force." We cannot, he urged, say that force is constant when it varies as the square of the distance; and, therefore, the law of gravitation is not strictly true.

But while we are pondering the mysterious uses of this word "force," an advanced scientist comes forward, just as we expected, and tells us we are on the wrong track and have completely mistaken the doctrine. According to Prof. Tyndall, among many others, the doctrine says nothing about the inner qualities of the elements whereby different forms of action are possible to them. These must be viewed as original and irreducible factors of the elements' nature; and if any one of them were away, the others could never replace it. It is not pretended that affinity or gravity are ever transformed from anything else or into anything else, but both are accepted as primary and irreducible. But the primary attractions and repulsions all meet upon the field of motion, and all manifest themselves by producing sundry forms of motion. It is here, only, that the theory has any application. Our scientific next amends the theory by changing force into energy, making it stand, the energy of the universe is constant. This relieves our difficulties arising from the unsuspected ambiguity of the word "force." But what is energy? It has two factors: 1. Any attraction or repulsion, or other force, which can imitate motion; 2. A space in which this motion can take place. If a stone lie on the earth it has no energy, or if two chemical elements have united they are without chemical energy; yet in each case the attraction is at the strongest. But let the stone be raised from the earth, or the elements wrenched apart so that motion can take place, then energy becomes possible.

But this energy, itself, turns out to be double. The scientist splits it into actual and potential energy. Kinetic energy is the power a moving body has of doing work; potential energy is the possibility of kinetic energy. Thus our stone at any point above the earth's surface has potential energy, because if left free to fall, it would begin to move and thus develop actual energy of motion, or kinetic energy. But this potential energy decreases as the kinetic increases. The energy of a body just beginning to fall would be all potential; its energy at the lowest point of its course would be all kinetic; and at all intermediate points it would be partly one, and partly the other. Neither of these forms is constant, but their sum is always the same. Hence the notion of the conservation of energy. The energy, then, of the universe does not consist merely in the fact that the elements possess attraction and repulsions, but that they also have spaces to act through. These same elements might be so arranged that, remaining just what they are, the system should be utterly powerless. Placing ourselves in the nebulous time, we see that the energy of the universe was then mainly potential, and consisted of the pushing and pulling forces of the elements multiplied into some function of the space that separated them. Ever since that time potential energy has been becoming actual, and this has been developed by the fall of the atoms through a portion of the space between them. We see, then, what the scientists mean by affirming that the energy of the universe is constant. If we add together the potential and kinetic energies of our system, the sum will always be the same.

A strict proof of this doctrine is possible only for a theoretical universe; that is, one in which the forces fulfill certain conditions of which the chief

are as follows: 1. The forces of the elements must vary only with the spaces through which they act; 2. The atoms must never clash so as to diminish their motion by their inelastic solidity. When these conditions do not hold, the energy is not constant. If, for example, there be fofoes in the system which depend upon the velocity of the elements, as seems to be the case with electric currents, according to Weber's law, the conservation is not exact. Or, if there be forces which vary with the mode of aggregation, or the form of organization, as seems the case in the organic world, again the conservation would not be exact. Or, if there should be beings capable of volition of originating any motion whatever, the law would not hold. Now, all these suppositions are quite simple, and quite in harmony with appearances, and before an absolute conservation can be affirmed, it must be shown that there are no such beings and forces in the system.

We omit, however, all criticism of the doctrine, and content ourselves with inquiring into the atheistic use which has been made of it. The doctrine has been, from its first announcement, the great demagogue of all atheistic systems. Is not the energy of the universe constant, and may it not, therefore, run on forever? A verbal exegesis of the doctrine seems to justify such a conclusion; and, at once, the atheists and materialists, who have always been the camp-followers and bums of science, to its no small discredit, pounced upon it, and, as usual, misunderstood it. Of course, it could not be otherwise when one is under obligation to interpret a scientific theory, not by the facts, but by the illegitimate use which can be made of it. In opposition to verbal exegesis, however, an intelligent understanding of the doctrine shows all such atheistic fumbling to be groundless; nay, more, it is precisely the law of conservation which makes it impossible that the present system should run on forever. All the leading physicists are now agreed that if the present laws continue long enough, all the ponderable matter within the grip of gravitation will finally be gathered into one mass; and all the energy of the universe will sink into heat.

Now, heat has this peculiarity: When energy has once taken on the form of heat, only a part of it can be transformed back into the higher forms. Heat does work only when there is an inequality of temperature, just as water does work only when there is a difference of level. But heat tends to uniform diffusion, and when uniformly diffused it is practically lost. There would be as much energy as ever, but it would be incapable of transformation; and the system depends not merely on the conservation of energy, but on its transformability. This final state may be reached only after a series of solar systems have arisen and decayed; but if the present physical laws continue, it will finally come. From this fact Sir William Thomson, Prof. Tait, Balfour Stewart, Clausius, and many others equally eminent, have drawn the conclusion that our physical system, which as an active agent must end in time, has necessarily had a beginning in time. Some do draw back from the conclusion; not, indeed, because any scientific escape can be discerned, but because it is so unexpected, so bizarre.

To one acquainted only with the rhetorical presentations of the doctrine, it is almost a disappointment to find it leading to a result so opposite to all we had been led to expect. It was invoked to save the universe, and it turns out to be its destroyer. Above all, its atheistic worshippers are deserted and put to shame by their chief deity. Would it not be well for the rhetoricians of popular science, and certain metaphysical physicists — who are neither metaphysicians nor physicists — to take the trouble to find out what the doctrine really is before doing any further spurling over the "grandest generalization of the ages?"

Boston University.

## IN THE WOODS ONCE MORE.

BY REV. MARK TRAFFORD, D. D.

MY OLD FRIENDS AND READERS: It is a long time since we last looked each other in the face, and we almost need an introduction; but we will leave that to the editor.

This is my first attempt at writing, save a short line in a letter, since the middle of June, when an inflammation seized my eyes, and I have fought a great fight for my sight. How many, many hours, shut up in a darkened room, have I tried to imagine what it would be to be blind — to see no more beloved faces; to grope one's way, or be led by a faithful dog; to see no more this goodly form of nature, the pearly blue by day, and the starry cope by night; but, instead, the "ever-during dark" of the grand old blind poet who

so pathetically sings. How seldom do we hear hearty thanks given to the great Father for unimpaird senses among the blessings of life!

Perhaps I have failed in this, but I shall never again forget it. Two things I beg of my readers in this prelude to what I shall say: First, do not abuse your eyes by long reading of fine-print matter by a feeble light; and secondly, acquaint yourselves with botany, so as to be able to distinguish between ivy and woodbine, and so avoid the penalty of ignorance. They are very easily distinguished from each other, I have been told often since I looked on the poisonous plant last June, as one has six leaves, and the other five; but I have forgotten which.

I have lost a summer. With all its bloom and beauty, it is as though it had not been. My garden, my lawn, my pet hens, my feathered friends, have been neglected, and our enjoyed companionship interrupted; and the summer is ended, and the autumn breezes are sighing around me.

About the middle of June, I was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the eyes, and since that time have been unable to read, write or cipher, and have almost forgotten the multiplication table.

This far I had written, Sept. 10th, when my pencil dropped from my fingers, my poor eyes refused to trace the lines, and then followed weeks of sorrow and suffering — days spent in shadow, and nights of tossing to and fro, saying, "When will it be morning and the night be gone?" If I could not "bid farewell to every fear" (the last thing I should think of doing), I certainly have "wiped my weeping eyes." It is now near the last of September, and I again take the pencil. I pity the composers. May their eyes be spared!

To return: A visit from my old friend and fellow-voyager through the Maine woods and waters — Rev. V. A. Cooper — early in August, informed me that he and Rev. F. J. Wagner, *par nobis fratrum*, would start for Moosehead Lake about the middle of the current month, and I was invited to join them. My eyes were not much improved, but I longed for the shade and coolness of the woods. C. would start the 12th, W. the next week, and I would join him at Bangor, if able. When the time came, however, I feared the experiment. But my son-in-law, W. H. Smith, of Springfield, appeared just then and proposed to accompany me. Thursday, we took the steamer Katabdin for Bangor. This, in hot weather, is by far the most desirable route to the lake. Leaving Bangor at 5:30 P. M., we reached Bangor at 1 P. M., after a most delightful run for sixty miles from the entrance of the lake at Owl's Head, through a region unsurpassed for its varied and beautiful scenery. Sleeping at Bangor, you take cars at 7:30 A. M., on the E. & N. A. railroad, branching off at Oldtown by the Piscataquis road sixty-three miles; and at twelve o'clock you are suddenly dropped into a state quarry, in a dense forest. No hotel, no clamorous hackmen, but a splendid team of six gray horses and a Concord coach which takes you off through the woods twelve miles; and at 2 P. M. you are landed at the foot of the finest sheet of fresh water in the State. Another route is by Dexter — by the Boston and Maine to Newport, then to Dexter, where Mr. Frye will put you through thirty-five miles to the lake, landing you at 4 P. M.

The distance from Bangor to the lake is seventy-four miles greater by Bangor than by the other route; but the shorter ride by stage makes it more desirable. If one does not like the ocean, then a ride in the cars on a night train to Bangor brings you into the city in season for the morning train for your destination. But who would miss the run down in one of the fine steamers of the Sanford line? The stanch side-wheelers, the gentlemanly commanders — Capt. Roix and Johnson — the clean state-rooms, the attention of the waiters, the whiteness of their jackets and aprons, the almost regal elegance of the dinner-tables, and the splendid saloons for a free promenade — all this contrasts strongly with the close, hot, dusty railway carriage.

The gentlemanly agent, Mr. Haseltine, had the management of the Bangor end of this line, it seems to me, as long ago as 1835, when I came to Bangor in the old steamer Bangor, fare seven dollars, running as far as Portland the first day, tying up for the night, and then on to Bangor the next day. Mr. Haseltine keeps his age well — if it was he — and is a gentleman, if it was not.

In these days of upstartism, when so many youngsters are placed in official positions by fathers who are stockholders in the concerns, and who seem to feel no obligation to respect the patrons of the enterprise, it is a relief to find a gentlemanly official. This old line of steamers has passed out of the hands of Sanford, and is now under control of

the house of Hill & Richardson, of Bangor. They have made some changes. Mr. Hill informed me, carrying clergymen for half fare, and have revised the bill of fare at the tables. I suggest that it will bear going over again.

I ought to say a word for the Piscataquis railroad, which is intended to connect with a road now being constructed in Canada, which is within forty miles of the line, while on this side sixty miles is yet to be constructed. Yankee pluck and perseverance will do it, though at present the work is suspended for want of that necessary article — money. The company were getting all ready to reduce the track on this and the E. & N. A. road to St. John, to the usual gauge, which was to be done in two days' time; and I see by the papers that this has been accomplished.

Saturday, Sept. 23d, we are driven over the divide between the waters of the Kennebec and Penobscot, two miles, to the farm of Mr. Cummings, who puts a pair of oxen to a hay-cart, and transports our luggage down through the woods to the lake, while we foot it. Wilson's pond lies before us — the first of the three lovely lakes of that name — three miles in length by two in breadth, embowered in the forest primeval. We embark in a flat-bottomed boat for a pull to the other side, where we carry across about three-fourths of a mile. Would it not be well for the landlords of the hotels in Greenville, who reap such a harvest from the visitors here, to expend, say about five dollars, to improve this tote-road? A man in less than a day could cut these fallen trees under which we tourists must crawl with all we can stagger under, or over which we must climb, and put down some poles across the sloughs, over which we might throw our arms as we sink in the mire. Come, "Uncle Ivory" of the celebrated "Lake House," and Mr. Walker of the Everet House, put your powers together and mend your ways!

It was sunset and Saturday when we threw down our loads from aching shoulders on the shore of the second lake. I noticed some distance out in the lake, a boat at anchor with persons busily engaged in fishing. I sent out the old halloo which had been so often heard on the Penobscot waters, and the response came back, "Is it T.?" "Aye, what is left of him." Up klick, and they row in shore — Cooper and Wagner, whom when I saw, I thanked God and took courage. "Across in the cove yonder is our camp, and a place reserved for your tent, next to ours."

We pull across a mile and a half, and now it is getting dark, and the "Sabbath draws on." We hasten to pitch our tent, and then supper! Ah, our box of provisions is lost! I had gone to Kineo, and we did not recover it for two days; so we boarded for that time. My tent had too much sun and wind, being on the bank, and my eyes could not stand it; so on Monday we selected a spot on the high land and in a glorious forest where we found shade and quiet.

Camp-life hereafter.

## THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF AMERICA.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

America, in the view of the discoverers and early colonists, was a virgin continent, a new world, not only unknown hitherto to the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere, but unoccupied by old civilizations or races. The savage, roaming along the shores of the lakes and on the river courses, or erecting his lodge of bark or boughs in the silence of the primeval forests, was an enigma too dark and mysterious for their solution. Who and whence was he? Could he have crossed the seas? Or was he an autochthon? Even if able to navigate the Atlantic, from what region in the east did he come? In the whole range of their knowledge, there was no people like him.

The discovery of advanced races in Mexico and Peru added new elements of doubt to the problem. If the more savage tribes might have crossed within a late period from the old world, here were peoples who had been long on the soil. Whence these? Did they import these forms of civilization, or were they a spontaneous outgrowth, a natural evolution from the rude elements of heathenism about them? Who could tell? The best conjectures of the time favored the late coming of the people and the indigenous growth of their civilization. The culture of Mexico and Peru was a fragrant blossom on a wild stock.

But facts in due time showed this hypothesis to be untenable. The civilizations of Mexico and Peru were not the oldest; a lower tier of remains was found, extending from Chili to the lakes

of the north. Mounds, stones, the foundations of old castles, forts and cities, scattered on every side, attested the existence and glory of earlier peoples. Who these mound-builders and their contemporaries were we know only by these remains. That they were powerful peoples, advanced in many lines of knowledge, was evident in the works they had spread over half the continent. That they had been swept out as "the dust from the summer threshing floor," was equally clear. The thought began to dawn, that the existing tribes were not the aborigines; that this continent, like the other, had been the scene, through ages, of race struggles and revolutions; that the continent was not virgin as had been supposed, but that men were everywhere treading upon the ashes of buried generations.

The simple fact was, that the Indians, found by the discoverers of America, were the northern hordes who had trampled down and annihilated the States of interior America. The old story of Asia and Europe had been repeated, in remote ages, in the so-called "new world." As in the distant past the Tartar had swept down from his northern steppes over the plains of Babylon, and as the German tribes broke in tumultuous waves over the Roman empire, so in America the wild Indians were the hyperborean clans who had made their fatal descent on the mound-builders. Between the invasions of the East and the West there is, however, this difference: The people in the southern lands of both Asia and Europe were able either to repel or absorb into their own civilizations the intrusive elements; but what might have happened to Asia but for the strong arms of the Napoleons of the East like Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, or to Europe but for the wise and efficient exertions of Gregory the Great, did actually occur in America, perhaps, as early as the founding of Rome. The great deep of northern savagery was broken up, and the tribes, as in a new deluge, inundated the lands to the south, burying beneath the flood and obliterating all traces (save the above remains) of those older and more advanced peoples. No book or parchment is left to tell their names, or to give the faintest indication of their story. The mounds and ruins are the solitary tombstones of buried nations.

That they had been great and flourishing peoples is attested by the works that remain. In them we see the Rome of ancient America — the empire fallen and obliterated — without a Christian hand extended to save it. That distinct, if not diverse, races inhabited this great interior region, is probable. The people of the Mississippi Valley built of wood, while those of Central America and Peru used stone. For this reason the Southern remains are the more abundant and instructive.

Of those in Peru — by far the most remarkable — we have a very full and accurate account in the volume of Mr. Squier, recently issued by the Harpers, and comprising descriptions of the ruins of several cities. They were known, indeed, to the Spaniards, though their full significance was detected only at a later date by French and German archaeologists. In English we have had no good description of them till the issue of the above work, which by pen and pencil affords a clear and understandable presentation.

Ancient Peru extended from the second to the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude, and from the Pacific to the eastern slope of the Andes, a long and narrow strip of very remarkable topographical aspect. Along the Pacific extends a level but narrow tract, rarely exceeding sixty miles in breadth, while to the east of it tower in sublimity the lofty ranges of the Cordilleras and Andes, the two spinal columns of the colossal mountains of the continent. Between these ridges of the Andes is contained the elevated basin of Lake Titicaca, the seat of the Inca empire, a region similar to and as large as Utah.

The ruins in this basin and on the plain are numerous. On the coast our author visited those of Grand Chimú, Moche, Huacho, Pachacamac and Cuzco. The remains at Pachacamac are both ancient and striking, consisting of hewn and carved stones, fragments of doors, gateways and arches. But Tiabuanaco, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, is the crowning ruin, both as to the extent and character of the works to be found there, and very properly designated by the author, "the Baalbec of the New World."

On the broad and level plain about a half a mile south of the lake, the traveler approaches these enigmatical, but interesting, remains. "Rows of erect stones, some of them rough or but rudely shaped by art; others accurately cut and fitted in walls of admirable workmanship; long sections of foundations with piers and portions of stairways; blocks of stone with mouldings, corbices and niches cut with geometrical precision; vast masses of sandstone, trachyte and basalt but

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partially hewn; and great monolithic door-ways bearing symbolical ornaments in relief, besides innumerable smaller, rectangular and symmetrical-shaped stones, rise on every hand, or lie scattered in confusion over the plain."

These ruins cover a mile square. In this space are the remains of huge temples, palaces, courts, baths, tombs, columns and statues. The size of the buildings, the huge blocks, the perfection of the workmanship, indicate the existence of a people advanced in the arts and appliances of civilization. The stones were all brought from a distance, their removal, of course, requiring the use of mechanical power. Speculations on the origin and history of these people would be interesting; but space will only allow a reference to the instructive work of Squier, a companion volume of Prescott, and which needs to be read before the charming narrative of the historian.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

God makes no promise as to the time when our prayers shall be answered. There is not a word about the time and circumstances under which the door shall be opened, but we are quietly to continue to pray. During the past fifty-two years I have received a thousand, yes, ten thousand answers to prayer. Sometimes the answers have come immediately, and sometimes after many days, weeks, months, years. The answers have come after five, ten, fifteen, twenty years. God works in His own way, because He is God and we are His creatures. He answers our prayer at once when it is for His glory and our good so to do. Before I left my room in the morning my prayers have been answered, and five, six, ten of my requests have been answered in the course of the day; but it is not always so. Again, I have waited for years before the answers came; therefore be not weary. I am doubtless speaking to Christian parents; let me tell you to begin to pray and go on; let us on and never be discouraged. We know that it tends to God's glory that we ask the conversion of our children, and those whom God lays it on our hearts to pray for. If we have faith, the answer will come at last. Two of my young companions were devoted to the pleasures of the world. I was so unexpectably happy in the Lord, I expressed my desire they should find the same joy. They said, we are sinners, we do not understand your joy. I prayed for them, and after some hours I found my two friends in tears. God convinced them of sin and revealed His truth to them, and they became devoted ministers of Christ. For forty years they have been Christian ministers. A few weeks ago when I was in Berlin one of them sent me his address. All these years he has been preaching the Gospel.

In the first six weeks of 1891 God encouraged my faith by answering my prayer for six different persons for whom I had prayed for a long time. It is now thirty-three years that I have prayed for two persons, and that prayer is not answered yet. I have received fifteen answers to prayer in one day, yet these two are not answered yet. Thirty-three years ago, then, one of those two young men and I agreed to pray for our children. In eighteen months my own daughter was converted. Five long years passed away, and one of the sons of my friend was converted. Six more years passed and day by day we waited on God. At the end of sixteen years a second son was converted, but these two sons of my friend remain unconverted. Thus God tries our faith.

God has greatly blessed me in my work for orphans. I asked in the fullest assurance of faith, and I blessed and praised God when the answers came. If we go on patiently waiting on God, the answers will come at last. We are His witnesses before the world, but it is necessary that He should try our faith and patience.

In the 66th Psalm we read: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." God does expect from us honesty and sincerity, and we must see well to it that we do not roll over like a sweet morsel under the tongue. He says, "If two of you agree, it shall be done for you of my Father." Form yourselves into little prayer-bands and plead with God for your friends' conversion; are long some parent will have to record, "God has converted my son." And so you will be encouraged to wait on God. Just so, pray for your pastor and his work, and God will work mightily in answer to your prayer. We should expect great things.

In 1857 the Fulton Street prayer-meeting was started, and how mightily God has worked in answer to those prayers! In Ireland, England, Scotland, all through the United Kingdom, God has wrought a mighty work in answer to prayer. Do I hear some one say, I have never had an answer to prayer. Look back. When you went to sleep at night and prayed God to protect you, did He not do it, and a hundred times the same? There is an answer to prayer. And so it is in regard to business, health, friends. Get a little book; begin to pray; put the request you offer on one side of the book; leave the opposite page blank until the prayer is answered, and then record it. In a little time, as you look over your book and see how God has heard and answered prayer, you will see His readiness, His willingness to answer, and this will draw you more and more to Him, and whether in joy or sorrow we shall be sure of His favor; we shall know it is our Father who has done this.

I have been told there are twenty-five millions of unconverted persons in the United States who do not go to church. By human instrumentality alone their conversion is impossible, but God can reach them through us. His children, and we are encouraged to wait on God. I have asked God for great things, and He has given me a hundred and a thousand times more than I expected. — REV. GEO. MULLER, on Prayer, as reported in the N. Y. Observer.



# MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE RETURNED MISSIONARY.

BY FLETCHER HATES.

A missionary forced to fly  
For health from Africa's sultry sky,  
Discovered that his speech had got  
The slightest ring of Hottentot.  
After recruiting he was called,  
And over a city Church installed;  
When a friend whispered, "I suppose  
You've changed the desert for the rose."  
"Preaching," said he, "near Congo's shore,  
I heard a hungry lion roar,  
Which for a moment scared me so  
I did not feel prepared to go.  
Faith said, 'Be calm! the God of Zion  
Once shut the mouth of Daniel's lion.'  
Then good-for-nothing Fear began:  
'But Daniel was a better man!  
Now, my Church has one millionaire,  
And a rich widow worships there;  
They have such parish influence,  
A word from them would drive me hence.  
Instead of coming for salvation,  
They watch my poor pronunciation,  
Betraining home to criticize;  
And often, when I meet their eyes,  
My poor old legs will tremble more  
Than when I heard that lion roar."

# RAYMOND'S THEOLOGY.

BY GILBERT HAYEN.

Those who have heard Dr. Raymond preach have never failed to be delighted with his strong, clear, bold statements of Gospel truth. He preaches as from a lecture chair in his precision of statement; he lectures, as from the pulpit, in his force and fire. Many of these admirers have been urging him for years to put his words on paper. But ink and paper have been as far from his desire as they were from that of Father Taylor. He never wrote a composition, we venture to assert, in his school days, but with great reluctance. And when chosen to preach the Massachusetts election sermon, his greatest task was to put his sermon on paper. For such an anti-scribbler to write out two bulky octavos—over a thousand pages—shows what changes time and fate may determine.

These lectures are the sermons of his youth, set off with the critical growth of age. They would be easy to read, even if the type and paper were not so perfect. They discourse of the high themes of God and man in Christ Jesus. The first half of the first volume is devoted to the basis of all Christian doctrine—the Word of God. The arguments for miracles, preservation, authenticity and authority are well put; that for inspiration is less fully discussed, though here he strikes a middle line, as he thinks, but one which compels him, if faithful to logic, to side with the verbalists. He does not, at least, fall into the folly of superstitious and dynamical inspiration. The divine and human were mutually introactive, as in the person and work of Christ, as in the work of redemption in the believer.

The doctrine of the Atonement has a strong putting in the sacrifice of the whole Christ. For the first time in post-patrial theology the divinity in the passion of Christ is not denied. He is not of those who believe only humanity suffered, but says: "We insist that our trust shall be in a divine Saviour, that all our hopes of pardon and salvation be founded upon a divine expiation—an expiation which has a merit and an efficacy that can pertain to no act or event that is not divine. This thought is not distinguishable from the conception that the God-man, Christ, died for the sins of the world." Again: "Christ tasted death for every man, and Christ was Logos, made flesh—God and man in one Christ, two natures in one person. . . . It was the will of God that the eternal Word should make atonement for sin. For the accomplishment of this a body was prepared. Not that the divine Redeemer took possession of a human body merely, for He was a man with like passions with ourselves. . . . The prepared body was a human being; He came was divine. . . . The divine and human natures were united in one Person, and that Person died for our sins, and rose again for our justification."

This is healthy and fresh. We rejoice to see theology emerging from the folly that "God could not suffer," an absurdity matched by the parallel absurdity that God in Christ was only a simulacrum.

Less satisfactory is his discussion of the Atonement. He lays out of the Atonement the idea that it is governmental exclusively or chiefly, and that it is retributive; he includes in it the idea that it is vicarious, propitiatory, declarative. This last is his favorite thought, and here, too, for almost the first time, he is obscure. What he means by "declarative" is not clear. To set forth, or declare, is almost a nonentity, and the Doctor does not believe in nonentities. He says, "The death of Christ is a declaration that God is a righteous Being and righteous Sovereign." He adds, "It satisfies the justice of God, both essential and retributive, and vindicates them by fully securing their ends—the glory of God and the welfare of His creatures." But this last sentence has no more to do with declarative, than with retributive or governmental atonement. It may belong even to a Socinian view, in their way of putting it. It is words only, and that is not what the Doctor is guilty of employing—*vox ex prateria nihil*. Nor do we think he states the retributive atonement accurately. It is not, necessarily, the exact suffering of every sinner, exactly fulfilled in Christ, so that the whole debt is just paid and no more, and hence every

sinner owes nothing. That idea, connected with his doctrine of the death of the God-man, simply means that the divine Atoner, in His act of atonement, did suffer all every sinner ever could suffer. In fact He suffered infinitely more. If the God-man suffered to the fullness of His being, it was infinitely more than all creatures could suffer to all their limited eternity. That only makes it the more possible for Him to be just and yet justify the sinner. It does not, make certain, or necessary, the salvation of a single soul.

Nothing is simpler than the Gospel doctrine of the Atonement. When scholars of every age meddle and muddle over this divine simplicity, do they not hear the wrathful and scornful voice that God addressed to Elihu, "Who art thou that dardest counsel by words without knowledge?" The Atonement is declarative; it is also retributive, governmental, vicarious, propitiatory. It is not the theatrical entertainment that modern Elihus, of which Dr. Bushnell was chief, invite us to attend—contrary to the very Discipline of our Church, which forbids our visiting theatres. It is not a mere spectacular affair. That "declarative" looks towards such a display, if it does not tend thither. It is the fact of the eternities—the sacrifice of the Son of God for the sin of man; a real, the real, fact, the fact of facts. The mode, or reason, or why, of this is utterly beyond our ken. We regret the choppiness of the logic in these deep seas of thought. Great oceans have great waves. These are not of them.

The summing up of this debate clears up some of these tortuous windings. It escapes into the outer sea, in its concluding statement. Seldom has the great doctrine been more simply or more grandly put: "The death of Christ is the condition required. Concerning this we affirm: 1. That the Scriptures represent that the salvation of men and the death of Christ are in some way connected, and that that connection is of vital importance. 2. The death of Christ is necessary—not metaphysically, as, opposed to contingency, it might not have been; nor necessary in the sense of constraint as opposed to liberty—it was perfectly voluntary—but necessary as a *sine qua non*; that without which pardon could not be. 3. The death of Christ is vicarious, is substitutional, in the sense that if Christ had not died, then death eternal would have been actually inflicted upon all to whom it was due. 4. The death of Christ is propitiatory, is an atonement, a reconciliation between God as sovereign and man as a sinner; is a satisfaction to divine justice for the sins of men, in the sense that it removes from the mind of God the bar to pardon, whatever that may be. 5. The death of Christ is redemptive, is a price paid, a consideration rendered, in view of which pardon may be granted, salvation may be obtained. 6. The death of Christ is declarative; it declares the righteousness of God; it is a declaration that God is a righteous Being and a righteous Sovereign; it satisfies the justice of God, both essential and retributive, in that it satisfactorily proclaims them and vindicates them by securing their ends—the glory of God and the welfare of His creatures. 7. The death of Christ is theanthropic; it is the death of a theanthropic Person, a God-man, a Person in whom two distinct and perfect natures—the human and the divine—are united in one individuality. 8. The death of Christ, considered as to the end it proposes, is efficacious, provisional and universal; considered as to its results, or the benefit it confers, it is in part unconditional and in part conditioned. 9. The death of Christ is symbolized in the sacrifices and offerings of both the patriarchal and the levitical priesthoods; those sacrifices were expiatory, because symbolic or typical of the one great sacrifice—the death of the incarnate Son of God."

One of the finest debates is that on the freedom of the will. Here the New England logician and the Methodist preacher of the old school, one and the same, fights his battle over again, with great freshness and gusto. Dr. Whedon's admirable points are almost repeated, actually restated. But both these polemarchs sat at the feet of Wilbur Fisk and other such, and learned the weapons of this warfare in that heroic school and age. We doubt if any theological writer of a later generation could put this battle so well. Hursi, Warren, Townsend, Miley, are of a later date. They never felt the lance of the fatalists in their faces. Raymond did not live a third of a century in the Connecticut Valley, within a score of miles of Northampton, and that a quarter to a half a century ago, and not know what Calvinism taught. His argument *per contra*, is as clear a piece of writing as one often sees. Every sentence is short, sharp, and decisive. Elsewhere, lumbering and mixed-up sentences appear; never here. Each is a shot and each hits the mark. The other side can't complain of the way he puts their theory. Where has Hodge written of his side better than this?—"External object determines perception; perception determines emotion; emotion determines volition in choice; and volition in choice determines volition in the executive *actus*; and this determines the external muscular action. The law of necessity pervades the whole process."

Over against this he has many arguments. He cuts off "self-determination" of the will: "It is not determined, it is determiner." He denies existence of antecedent emotion in our consciousness: "We affirm that every

man that lives, volitions a thousand and more times every day of his life in the total absence from consciousness of any emotion moving him thereto. . . . In guessing, as when a man is challenged to tell of an unknown number, whether it be odd or even, if mind acts only as it is acted upon, if will stands still till emotion moves it, the guesser could never speak." Of course, the anti-volitionist will say the guesser is controlled by a balance of motives to say odd or even; but no one can detect such balancing of motives, and no one feels that such motives effect his decision. His will is to him absolutely motiveless.

Dr. Raymond well shows that foreknowledge is not involved in the controversy, nor contingent events; that necessitarianism is true or false, independent entirely of knowledge, *pro or post*; that, if what will be must be, it must be irrespective of foreknowledge as to its being. The whole chapter is admirable, but like Bryant in respect to Wordsworth, none the worse from the fact that Whedon "before him has written."

None the less valuable is the chapter on the Resurrection. It has no uncertain sound: "In the resurrection on the last day, substantially, in every respect essential in identity, the same bodies buried in the graves shall come forth." Amen! That and this divine suffering are an atonement for the less simple and therefore less Scriptural view of the Atonement itself. The statements of eschatology, though brief, are clear. Heaven oversteps hell as states, as experiences, as durations. The only favor he grants the lost is that they prefer existence to annihilation, though suicides may suggest another view. But preference of existence is with nothing happy in existence; everything painful, wicked, horrible.

As a whole we earnestly commend this very fresh treatise on theology to every minister and lover of the Word and work of God. It is the fruit in old age. Fat and flourishing must be the tree that yields it. His old pupils, who number thousands, should secure this reminder of the days when they hung entranced on his lips, and when they said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us, when he opened unto us the Scriptures?" Without any show of learning, with even the few Greek words put in English spelling, with no references to other authors, any more than Calvin's Institutes have, the great work rolls on and out.

"Serene, and resolute, and calm,  
And strong, and self-possessed,"  
It is a refreshment—every page; as easy to read as the author is to hear. It is fresh with the times; handles Hodge as he would a composition of a boy; handles modern scientists when they poach on the theological manor as a huntsman a rabbit; never breaks the thread of argument; never falls into dilemmas and difficulties.

It is a good lesson in writing. Dean Stanley is not clearer nor bolder an orthodox; a few less, or over, cultured words, as "postulates," get in; but as a whole, it is rare in its felicity. Let all our ministers buy and study this new *apologia* of Christianity and Methodism.

# THE LOCAL PREACHER AND THE ITINERANCY.

BY REV. E. R. FRENCH.

Two ministries are recognized in the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, nearly equal as to numbers and one in work, but which have become widely different in their offices and influence. In the early history of Methodism, the success of the reformation of Wesley in England and America was largely due to the labors of the local preacher. This was especially true in pioneer work, and it has not ceased to be a fact at the present day.

In England this feature of the work is still maintained, and due prominence given to it. The elect character of the Wesleyan Conference enables them to do this without disparagement to any; for among those whose disabilities forever bar them from membership in it, are found many eminent in pulpit services, and of great usefulness as well as renown in the denomination. The case is widely different with us in America. We have practically abandoned the "circuit system," and the local preachers' labors have fallen into disrepute, or are no longer recognized as an essential part of our economy. The result is, there are many outlying neighborhoods in city and country that are almost wholly neglected as to the ministrations of the word of life. . . . Many such there are on the confines of our civilization where the tree of life bears fruit and ripens for the harvest, but there are none to gather it.

One hundred years ago the ministry was almost entirely self-supporting, and hence of necessity largely local. The circuit system embraced the whole country; a single circuit often including several townships, and sometimes requiring a drive of more than five hundred miles to compass it in a single round of appointments. The traveling elder was the ruling spirit, and his co-laborers were the local preachers. After the lapse of a century, we are rearing monuments to the memory of those men who so abounded in labors, that like Paul they wrought with their own hands while they compassed the walls of Zion and builded the Church of the Living God.

The local preachers of that day were

strong men, men of thought as well as action, whose ability to preach and whose power in the pulpit were not inferior to those of their superiors in office; and the people appreciated their labors. Not unfrequently they would enter the "traveling connection" for a time, to meet exigencies arising in the work; and when the demand was met, or the inexorable necessity of family support required it, they fell back into the ranks of the local ministry with undiminished confidence, and undiminished labors and usefulness.

Their names are foremost among the illustrious ones in the history of American Methodism—such names as Embury, Webb, Strawbridge, and a host of others eminent in their times; and if on a nearer view we call to mind those stalwart men whose self-sacrificing labors laid the foundations of Maine Methodism, the names of Mudge, Heath, Hall, B. Oadhead, Merritt, Munger, and their coadjutors, whose greater labors were in the local relation, pass in rapid review before us. Though dead they yet speak. In those days their relation to the Church was not an anomalous one, and their position and influence were not compromised by the relationship necessarily obliged them to assume from time to time.

To-day the local ministry is comparatively an obscure body of men, of little consequence save out of regard to their numbers. The people do not care to call them to their altar services because of their unofficial character, which is pretty plainly indicated by the editor of the "great official," who has been pleased to call them "unorganized bums."

Let one of them, though of inferior ability, gain admittance to Conference, and he is forthwith deemed to be somewhat in the eyes of the people; but if, on the other hand, an honored member of Conference assumes a "local relation," he soon sinks out of sight; the Church buries him so far as his further labors and usefulness are concerned. Yet in view of all these facts, and more that might be stated, the Church still maintains this comparatively effete and unused arm of her service, which, like the Prussian landwehr, is kept equal in numbers to the effective army, but is never expected to be called for.

Why does this practice still prevail? Why do the quarterly conferences continue to commission men for the ministry for whom they have no use, and whom they do not wish to hear? Just here, it may be claimed, lies the fault. Men receive authority to preach who have no ability to fill the office, and hence their licenses practically become a dead letter, and themselves dead men. This is true, undoubtedly, but it is equally true of some recommendations to Conference, and there are to-day in our Conference men who would be unrecognized as religious teachers were it not for their official standing. There is danger that the office of "local preacher" will become a reproach instead of a worthy name, and that through mutual distrust at first, jealousies and ill-feeling will be engendered between it and the regular ministry, which will destroy its usefulness and influence forever.

We have stated that not a little of the success of early Methodism was due to the labors of "lay preachers." How shall these be continued under the changed conditions a century has wrought, in order that a co-equal ministry shall also become co-ordinate? In the first place, let greater care be exercised by the quarterly conferences in clothing any one with authority to preach. If a candidate has a gift for exhortation only, let him be and remain an exhorter. Before advancing him to a greater responsibility, let his "gifts and graces" be thoroughly tested, and then give him opportunity to prove himself worthy to receive further authority. If his purpose then is to do only such occasional work as may be required of him, he should not be advanced beyond deacon's orders; there seems to be a fitness of things pertaining to the eldership that forbids it.

In the second place, retain the circuit system—the best ever devised in conjunction with itinerancy for preaching the Gospel to the whole people—and employ the local preacher regularly with the circuit preacher. The latter is supposed to be a man of ability and influence, who is able to organize as well as to instruct, and above any jealousies respecting his subordinates. If it is no longer practicable to do this as formerly, or advisable to return to the old ways, then let those who are disposed to give themselves to the work when necessity demands, receive appointments under the Presiding Elder as exhorters, and require it. It does involve a "traveling ministry"; and will require men who are equal to such labors and responsibilities, who will become strong and mighty ones in the Church; but we shall systematize the whole work, and greatly add to our efficiency and strength as we extend our prizes by reaching out and drawing in those outlying districts, and building up the weak societies that now are either unoccupied or neglected.

In the third place, we must recognize the laborer, and give him a standing and position commensurate with his efficiency. Every local preacher who is employed in the regular work, and who holds himself ready to answer any reasonable call of the Church to supply lack of service, should be enrolled as a delegate member of Conference, and be entitled to a seat on its floor. This would confer upon him the privilege of serving on committees and participating in its deliberations, but not the right to vote. His relation would correspond to that of a member on trial, and, after

having received his ordination as elder, he should, on application, and after a satisfactory examination, be admitted to Conference without further probation.

This would not involve a radical change in our organic law. The Annual Conferences have the requisite authority now to admit delegates to their bodies, but no preacher can be received from our own communion, no matter how long he may have served acceptably in the "lay ministry," except after having been on trial two years. Two alterations in the Discipline are necessary (sections 101 and 107) to effect the proposed relationship in the denominational standing of the local preacher, and greatly increase his effectiveness as a co-laborer in the preaching of the Word. It will also relieve the Conferences of the equivocal position they now sustain to some of those men, viz., that of holding them on trial and receiving their services year after year, without the intention of ever admitting them to full connection.

This is manifestly wrong. A local preacher, after having served the Church a decade, strengthening weak societies, building church edifices and parsonages, and abounding in all good works, makes a failure in the letter on coming before the Conference committee for examination, and is rejected; while a licentiate of two years' standing attains sufficient proficiency to pass, and is admitted and sent out into the world to fail in almost every particular essential to success.

The proposed changes would avoid these inconsistencies in our administration, and the Conferences themselves would become more elect. We have thus stated a few of the more salient points this subject presents, firmly believing that unless the present and prospective want of the Church be met, it will greatly impair the efficiency of our denominational work.

# LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

We are in the midst of a heated political campaign. Four parties are striving for power. The registry law recently enacted, is working to a charm. The vile system of "repeating" has suffered a back-set. The demagogues and party knaves bowl with rage, for their little game has been completely blocked. The colored people have gone into the canvass enthusiastically. President Hayes was welcomed to our midst last week with general rejoicing. Everybody seemed disposed to honor our chief magistrate. Party barriers for the time being seemed completely broken down. The strongest Democratic paper in the West, *The Enquirer*, made a magnificent display, and distanced its Republican competitors. Sunday, Brother Cranston, of Trinity, preached the Methodist gospel to the President, and Brother Lee, of the Union Bethel, showed him how well the poor children of Cincinnati were provided for by a Methodist superintendent.

Brother Baker, who was transferred to this Conference, has just taken charge of Walnut Hills. The people received him gladly. The reputation of the talented preacher had preceded him, and he promises to fully meet the most sanguine expectations.

The preachers' meeting is now largely composed of young men. The "Camp-meetings" and "Itinerancy" came under earnest discussion last week. The feature of "transfer" was brought out very prominently. Some thought that the system of "transfers" was seriously damaging, and that old members were thereby crowded down or out. Others thought that the introduction of fresh material stirred up matters and elevated the tone of the pastorate. It so happened that two-thirds of the preachers were "special transfers." The drift of the discussion can, therefore, be understood without any great stretch of the imagination. Brothers Ketcham, Conrey, Zimmerman, Leonard, Rothweiler, Rust, Macafee, Taylor, Starr and Bowler, entered the lists and argued ably in the heat of their peculiar minds. Brother Taylor, of Union Chapel (colored), made some telling points and elicited considerable mirth and laughter. He entered his solemn protest against this eternal tinkering with our Methodist machinery. He thought that saving souls was of infinitely more importance than attempting at every meeting to reconstruct Methodism. Our ecclesiasticalism fully suited him. He proposed to be a faithful subject to the Church. This feeling of restlessness reminded him of an old darkey brother, whom some of our white, highly-cultured brethren would do well to imitate. He had been promoted to the captaincy in the Union army, and had charge of a certain important position. His old master, presuming upon their former relations, undertook to pass his lines. The old darkey saw him coming, and immediately challenged him. The master paid no attention. He repeated the challenge several times in vain. He then raised his old gun, clicked the lock, and pointed straight at the master, saying, "Massa, you need no respect this darkey, but you must respect this uniform." He intended to respect the authority of the great Methodist Church.

Cincinnati is growing rapidly, and will soon be without a rival. Our custom house has reached the second story. It will be a mammoth affair and the pride of the nation. Our Music Hall will justly excite the admiration of our sister cities. All over the city public and private buildings are appearing as if by the magician's wand. Shillito's new dry goods house

will be a splendid structure. We are moving upward to even greater things than ever entered into the dreams of our citizens.

The community has just been saddened by the death of Levi Coffin, the philanthropist and pioneer abolitionist. The people assembled in large numbers at the Quaker church to mourn his departure and pay their last tribute to a great and good man. The colored people were there in a body, and the tears chased one another down their dusky faces. Dr. Rust and Dr. Walden, among others, participated in the exercises. The various denominations were represented. Not an eye was dry, and the heart of that congregation beat as one man under a terrible affliction.

The several denominations have combined in an effort against Sabbath desecration and King Alcohol. The clergy lead the charge. All will yet be well. God will not forsake His people.

Bishop Haven has been with us—the guest of Dr. Rust. He is improving and rapidly regaining his strength. He has been able to undertake the fulfillment of his Conference appointments. The physicians prescribe absolute rest and freedom from excitement as the conditions of his full recovery. His brain is racked with overwork. He must have release from episcopal duty.

CHARLES HENRY.

# LETTER FROM AN OLD READER.

MR. EDITOR: Communications in the HERALD often wake up lost incidents. One of your articles referred to old Bennet Street, Boston. I was at the "Hub" when Dr. Trafton was stationed in the old Bennet Street live. I was young then, and was invited to take the pulpit in the morning. The afternoon found me at Father Taylor's Bethel. I had never heard the old "commodore" preach, so I got in and thought no one would know me; but I had hardly got seated ere I was hailed by one of those old Penobscot sea captains and asked to take a seat with the "commodore." I begged off.

Soon a Jack Tar came in whistling a lively jig, half seas over, and was invited by the usher to a seat right in front of the pulpit. Father T. looked down on the poor sailor, and said, "A poor lamb fell among wolves!" He soon fell asleep, and all was right. I had heard down in Maine that Father T. had slid into Unitarian ideas; so I was all ear to detect his defection, if it existed. The old hero of so many battles opened his theme gloriously—"Christ—Divinity, Deity." Oh, how he piled up the glory of our my, Christ!

As soon as he was done, I sprang to my feet and told them what I had heard about his Unitarianism, and gave vent to my unspeakable joy at what I had just heard. Somehow Mark Trafton and T. Hill were invited to take dinner with Father T. on Monday. Mark, true as steel, broke silence in the midst of halibut, puddings, pies, and good cheer, saying, "Capt. Taylor, how came you to allow this Down-easter to exhort in your meeting yesterday?"

"If it hadn't been about right, I should have sung out, 'Belay that!' In plain English, 'Take your seat, sir.' We took a boat and went on board a U. S. frigate in the harbor; and to see Capt. Taylor out and shear over that deck, examining machinery and guns, was rare sport. We are strong friends to-day. I have the old hero's face hung up in my sleeping-room, and look at him morning and evening as he appeared on that first Sabbath I heard him.

T. HILL.

# Our Book Table.

COUNT FRONTENAC AND NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV., by Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Small 8vo, 463 pp. Price \$2.50. This is the fifth of the remarkable series of volumes recounting the fortunes of the French *regime* in Canada, which have established the reputation of their author as a historian and as a writer of peculiarly dramatic power. His histories, while carefully verified by the most exhaustive comparison with reliable authorities, have all the fascination of fiction. The reason why the representatives of France failed, with all their golden opportunities, and with the great promise of their early settlements, in securing a permanent foothold on the Western continent, is made to appear with great clearness, in the vivid descriptions in these volumes of the political and religious controversies of the early colonial period. The French Catholic missionaries penetrated in every direction the wilderness, with astonishing devotion and bravery; but the Jesuit, at the seat of power, was the constant intriguer and opponent to progress and a liberal government. The present volume recounts the incidents—largely civil dissensions, related with special vivacity—of the French colony in Canada from 1699 (the era of the landing of the Pilgrims, an ominous event for Acadia) to the commencement of the next century. Count Frontenac, who is by far the most conspicuous figure during this period, is drawn to the life—both his court tation in France, and his seigniorial rule in the new empire. The interest of the volume grows to the last, reaching its climax in the French and Indian combinations against the English colonists in Massachusetts—its chief scenes in that portion now forming the State of Maine, and in New York. The campaign of Sir William Phips, the attack on Wells and Penobscot, are related with fresh details, and with characteristic vigor of narrative. The volume is both entertaining and instructive, and we wonder with great amazement that our young readers should ever forget, when truth is stranger, and even more fascinating.

Lord Bacon is much oftener quoted than read. His aphorisms of sententious wisdom have been handed down from one generation to another, and are usually given at second hand. Special scholars in science and philosophy read his voluminous works as they have been carefully arranged by devoted disciples, and published in fifteen stout volumes. These are edited and prefaced by James Spedding, Robert Leslie Ellis, and Douglas Denon Heath. A volume of Bacon's Essays, with annotations by Richard Whately, D. D., and notes by a American editor, was published a few years since in Boston in an octavo volume; but none of the philosophical or literary works were included, and the volume has more of Whately than Bacon. Hurd & Houghton now issue from the Riverside press, in two small 8vo volumes, with portraits, a popular edition, carefully edited, of the philosophical, literary and religious writings of Lord Bacon, with a full index. All that any reader, except a special student, would be likely to desire to peruse in the voluminous works of the great philosopher and statesman, are here presented in a very desirable arrangement, and are given to the reading community at a very moderate price. This is one of the standard works which has justified its title to a perennial life, and to a place upon the shelves of every considerable library. For sale by J. P. Magee.

Starr King is happy in having his biographer an editor—his friend, the accomplished essayist, Edwin P. Whipple. The sketch is short, making the reader wish for more. It is delightfully written, presenting its subject to the mind's eye of those that have, or have not, heard and known the preacher and lecturer, as distinctly as the finely engraved portrait that accompanies it. The memoir is introductory to a selection from his sermons, just published in a handsome volume by James B. Osgood & Co., and entitled, *CHRISTIANITY AND HUMANITY*. There are twenty-one discourses, chiefly upon eminently spiritual topics. With these are given a few occasional sermons of a striking character. There are few sentences in these discourses that any Christian reader, although differing widely from the preacher in his theological views, would find objectionable, but much to enjoy and profit by. Starr King was a poet and a prophet, an orator, a persuasive preacher, and a noble patriot.

From the same house we have W. D. Howells' very humorous and lively *A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT*, which has been one of the attractive features of the *Atlantic* for the last six months. It is published in a handsome miniature volume.

Roberts Brothers have issued the fifth and concluding volume of their beautiful edition of *LANDMARKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY*. It includes the Miscellaneous Dialogues, covering an amazing field in variety of personage and nationality—the French Richelieu, Pope Leo XII, the King of the Sandwich Islands, King of Ava, Miguel, Blucher, Talleyrand, the Emperor of China, Louis Philippe, Napoleon, Louis Bonaparte, P. Nono, etc.—a curious and instructive literary mélange. The present edition is portable, beautiful and convenient.

We have from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. a valuable addition to our rapidly growing philosophical literature. This time it is an American contribution. The volume—a fine octavo in small, but clear type, of 483 pages, with index—is entitled, *MODERN PHILOSOPHY FROM DESCARTES TO SCHOPENHAUER AND HARTMANN*, by Francis Bowen, A. M. Price \$3. For sale by H. A. Young & Co., Boston. Prof. Bowen has not only given a history of the development of the various schools of philosophical science, with a sketch of the most conspicuous leaders of human thought in this direction, but has given careful and extended criticisms upon each. The critic's own view will naturally give coloring to his criticism, but the professor impresses the reader with his judicial habit of thought and his evident intention fairly to present the theories of the various teachers of psychology. We shall have, hereafter, a full review of the work, and will fully commend this record of philosophical thought to the attention of our studious readers.

Robert Carter & Brothers add to their large list of purely religious volumes, of a peculiarly spiritual tone, *THE HIDDEN LIFE; Thoughts on Communion with God*, by Rev. Adolph Sapir. 18mo, 291 pp. The volume consists of eleven addresses, such as might have been given in social services, upon prayer, its foundation, its encouragement, its experience, its consolations, and the secret of its power—Jesus now and forever with us. It is an excellent volume for meditative and Sabbath reading.

WOMANKIND, by Charlotte Mary Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, 377 pp. Price \$1.75, and in Boston for sale by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. This serious volume, from the pen of the popular novelist, is a thoughtful discussion of nearly the same topics as those considered in her work upon education, by Miss Martineau, except that this is confined to one of the most important of the subjects of the Church of England. Miss Yonge considers the status of woman, her early training, social and religious, the faults of childhood, her school life, the young woman, her dress, friendship, courtship, wives, servants, strong-minded women, etc.—a broad field, well thought over. The volume is full of excellent suggestions, which many women will do well to read and heed.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish, in a handsome 12mo, the last novel of Rev. E. P. Roe, which has been running through the columns of one of our religious organs, entitled, *A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*. The story is told, with the author's liveliness, in a very agreeable and varied variety of narrative, but somewhat sensational incidents, his hero, Haldane, was disciplined and developed into a noble, unselfish Christian gentleman, and married the girl that he had determined upon, and who was worthy of him—at which point, as in duty bound, the knight makes his bow, and the curtain drops.

THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS, AND OTHER POEMS, by Sophia Louisa Little, Newport, R. I. Published by the author. 12mo, 162 pp. We have already given an extract from this fresh volume of poetry. Some of its lines are imperfect, and it will bear careful revision; but it is a well-sustained and inspiring treatment, in verse, of sublime themes—the advent, the last days of Jesus, the resurrection, and pentecost. The talented author is a devoted Christian, and is president of the Association of Rhode Island. She sings as she serves, and her songs are consecrated to Christian services. The little volume will be read with both pleasure and profit.

Lee & Shepard publish a collection of the humorous and sharp editorials, which have been so widely quoted, of J. M. Bailey, editor of the *Danbury News*. It is entitled, *THEY ALL DO IT*; or, Mr. Magee, of Danbury, and His Neighbors. This is the longest article, and is amusing enough, but not more so than scores of others in this side-shaking volume. The author recommends that it be not all taken at one dose, but wisely distributed over a period of time, which is sensible advice. The author avoids all "moral" to his stories, but they tell themselves; however, there is more fun than philosophy about them.

Roberts Brothers publish, in a handsome paper cover, *JOLLY GOOD TIMES*; or, Child life in a Farm—a very wholesome and entertaining book for the little ones, and written so brightly that the older ones enjoy reading it aloud to their small people.

\* Systematic Theology, by Miss Raymond, D. D., two volumes, octavo. Hittcock & Walden.

\* An essay read before the Readfield District Ministerial Association at Waterville, January 25, 1877.



[From our Mission Rooms.]

### A MOUNTAIN CAMP-MEETING.

The effect upon a stranger unused to such scenes is almost indescribable when the camp is all ablaze with the light from the pine fires, and the air is filled with a homespun, rough assurance of mountaineers. The songs are sung in a minor key with a harsh, mor-

these mountain people, and it real-

The Pleasant Street Baptist chapel, Concord, having been repaired and greatly improved, was dedicated Sept. 26th. The venerable Rev. E. Cummings, D. D., a former pastor, preached, and the services were highly interesting.

## MAINE.

The September session of the Farmington Free Baptist quarterly meeting was held at

judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged," and "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," is just as true of the nation as of the individual. Who dares defy God's measured judgments? Blood! blood! blood!!! stains the revenue of this nation and of most of these Christian

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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877.

## FIFTEEN MONTHS

For Only \$2.50, and 20 cts. additional for Postage.

New subscribers, who will forward their names between this and October 31st, shall have the paper the

REMAINDER OF THE YEAR FREE!!

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We wish most earnestly to appeal to every Methodist minister to make this offer known to his people at once.

Do not, brethren, allow the matter to be delayed.

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Also, bear in mind that the interests of the paper are largely in your hands. We send out no special agents, and if you fail to give it your attention, it is entirely neglected.

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Also, make arrangements for canvassing the Church and Society. If it is not possible for you to give it your personal attention, select some suitable person to do so.

Lists of subscribers will be forwarded very soon to each preacher in charge; and, in the mean time, we hope arrangements will be made for a thorough canvass of every Church and Society.

It often happens, in sending out lists, that the names of some subscribers are omitted. This is occasioned by there being more than one post-office on a charge. If the subscriber's post-office address is not the same as the minister's, of course we have no way of knowing that they are members of his parish. When names are omitted, please inform us, and they will be forwarded at once.

By the present postage law, publishers are obliged to collect postage. Subscribers are relieved of the trouble of paying postage at the office where the paper is delivered, as formerly, but it is to be sent to the publisher in advance.

We sincerely hope that every preacher will call the attention of his people to this subject, and urge upon those who do not take Zion's Herald the importance of doing so.

And let every reader of this paper recommend it to his neighbor who may not be a subscriber.

Persons wishing to subscribe, and not finding it convenient to pay now, can forward their names immediately (that they may have the full benefit of our offer), and send the money between this and January 1st.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,

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The design of the Gospel is not only to save you, but to make you the means of saving other people. The Lord Jesus is not here to speak to men personally, but to speak through His saints. If sinners could once look into heaven, they would, no doubt, be attracted towards it; but in default of this, Jesus lets down to them samples of that holy estate in the form of the lives of His people. The world will judge of Him and of His grace by these examples. If they be marred and defective, bearing more visible traces of the earthly than of the heavenly, men will come to entertain no good opinion of the kingdom of His Lord. As a living example of Divine grace, you are to be like your Lord, and thus prepared to exhibit the attractiveness of His kingdom to all beholders. The samples of the merchant are liable, by reason of use, to become dingy and shop-worn, and by consequence depreciated in value. The Christian is exposed to a

similar danger. Constantly on exhibition in a dusty world, watchfulness is requisite to keep his life bright and fresh and new, to retain the colors of his primal experience, and to hold him free from the taint and dust of this mundane sphere. You not only need grace to be saved, but grace to exhibit to the world. Your life must needs be exhibited, but you are to eschew any personal exhibition of it.

There is no occasion, however, for a religious experience to become dim or dusty amid worldly cares and the toll of an active life. One of the former members of Bromfield Street Church, who died in the faith of the Gospel some years since, had, in the early period of his experience, a dream which he was accustomed to relate. He thought, in his sleep, a remarkable suit of clothing had been given to him, which he was assured would grow handsomer and richer the longer he wore it; and, as long spaces of time glide easily by in one's dreams, he thought he had opportunity to test the truth of the promise. In love-feasts afterwards he was accustomed to relate this dream, and to say that the suit had, indeed, been given him, when he was converted to God. It had grown richer and more fair every year of his life since. His friends were all ready to bear witness to the truth of this; and the robe of Christ's righteousness, in which he was wrapped, never seemed fairer or shone with a brighter lustre than in the hours just before he ascended into the skies. This is a suit without having. It is the seamless robe of the Lord, with which all may be clothed without money and without price.

In religious worship we admire simplicity, but not silliness. In moments of high excitement, they often approximate but never coalesce. A clear line of demarcation separates them. The difference is that between a strong and a weak nature. The one bows in awe before the greatness, the majesty of the Lord, with closed lips; the other comes with childish weakness and softness to prattle as to a vain human being rather than to pay his vows to the Almighty Maker. In your devotions, study to be simple, but avoid silliness. Be a child, not a fool, before the Lord. Religion, as well as business and society, requires proprieties. The Gospel does not dispense with sense even in devotion. A little folly spoils many a prayer.

As a minister of a glorious Gospel, you are morally bound to carry into your work a spirit of hopefulness, of courage, of sunlight and joy. The kingdom you preach is a kingdom of light. Christ has no need of your sombre views. A disheartened minister, standing to proclaim to the people, in place of Christ's glorious Gospel, his own dyspeptic musings, is a spectacle to men and angels. The darkness is all in you, and in so far as you preach that, you are preaching yourself and not the message given you by the Lord Jesus.

In a dark world you are sent to hold up the illuminated side of the divine economy. You are to show men God as revealed in Christ. The darkness they already know; you are to turn upon it the argand burner of Gospel truth.

In the inspiring and commanding moments of life you are not likely to decline in the service of God. You have too much to help you. All the winds are favorable to bear your barque onward to the port. But in the Christian voyage there are regions of calm also, where every aid seems to be withdrawn, and you are left helpless in mid-ocean. Not a canvas moves; not a sail heaves in sight; not a sound for days and days breaks the oppressive monotony. This tries the stuff of which sailors are made. The storm has a sort of inspiration, and tends to rouse the courage of the mariner; but to be becalmed is to smother all noble sentiment and high endeavor. You survive then only by aid of the resources to yourself.

If you intend to do anything in this world you must have faith in God and yourself. To doubt is to be damned; to believe is to open the highest possibilities of salvation. To doubt God is to put yourself outside of the primal sources of help; to distrust yourself is to close the agency by which God works. These two forces are designed to be joined, and in this union become effectual in doing the world's work. The more perfect the union, the more complete the success of the undertaking. While God comes down into the weakness of human agency, that weakness, by the union, takes on something of the divine almightiness.

In order to see the work of God revive, begin to do something yourself. Speak to the man or woman next to you. Devote yourself anew to God. Pray more in secret and in your family. Hold on in this way, and in due time you will see others moving in the same direction, and the work of God will break out in you before you are aware of it.

## HIS CHURCH, NOT OURS.

In a very vigorous and plausible paper, opening the October number of the *Catholic World*, entitled the "Outlook in Italy," the writer very frankly admits the present unpromising condition of the Roman Church, not simply in Italy, but among all the Latin races of Europe. The paper looks, indeed, upon the desire of unity among the Italians as a legitimate and proper demand, but not such a form of unity, which has now been organized—only a unity in a common religious faith, which should also embrace all Christendom; as in the former golden political age, when, although divided in governments, was one "universal Catholic republic." The writer wonders that these Latin peoples have broken away from their natural and divine order, and starts the suggestive inquiry whether God, hav-

ing used them thus far, as He did the Jewish nation, as the depositary of His truth and as the apostles of His grace, is now, on account of their unfaithfulness, about to cast them aside and choose another people. He does not exactly intimate that the divine Providence significantly points towards the western Republic as the possible scene of the new dispensation of Catholic unity, but he does ask the question, "What better test and proof of the Catholic Church's sanction of the entire natural order (of human development) can be asked than her unexampled prosperity in the American Republic of the United States?" But the writer believes that there will be no ultimate retrogression of the Roman Church even in Europe, or among the Latin nations. They may be called to pass through a fearful catastrophe and be baptized with blood and fire, but ultimately the kingdom of God, which, in his estimation, is the Roman Catholic Church, will conquer and prevail. The foundation of this inspiring faith is significant. It is no less than the assurance of the divine Master himself, as he quotes it from the Vulgate, "He declared to His apostle Peter, 'I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'" In a very vivid and impressive manner, the writer sets forth the many promises of Christ to be present with His apostles, to clothe them with the power of the Holy Ghost, and to abide with them "even to the consummation of the world."

With profound and moving confidence, he affirms: "The Catholic Church will stand with perfect faith upon this divine *Magna Charta* of her Founder, as upon an adamant rock." Though Italians, Spaniards and French should renounce the faith and abandon the Church, still the Church would exist none the less really. The sun would give forth its light, he affirms, just the same, although there were no objects within the reach of its rays, as when they are reflected from nature and display all their hidden beauty. So the Church exists, although in any given locality there be not the same saintly lives to manifest its presence, as in some past, or at some future day of millennial glory.

All of which we steadfastly believe, and will earnestly defend and teach. But just here we separate, "heavenly horizons apart," as Joseph Cook says. Our earnest writer affirms that the promise, "Lo! I am with you always," not simply connects Christ's presence inseparably and perpetually with His Church, but with the one Roman Catholic body. "Hence," he says, drawing the inference simply from this promise, "once the Church, always the Church." He adds very properly, and we heartily respond amen to it, the sentiment, "The whole world may go to wreck and ruin sooner than Christ will desert His Church. 'Heaven and earth shall pass, but My words shall not pass.'" Certainly not—not one jot or tittle of them! Christ will not desert His Church; and herein is all the virtue of the promise. During all the history of the last nineteen hundred years, even when kings and Antichrist have persecuted the spiritual Church, Christ has not forsaken her, but, by a marvelous miracle, has preserved her against wild beasts, dungeons of the Inquisition, and martyr-stakes. It is not Christ's Church that is now deserted among the Latin nations. His Church is still there. He "knows" the members of it; His name is upon their foreheads, and their names are written upon the palms of His hands. He will never leave them nor forsake them. The Church will not go down under the present reaction of infidelity against a false and illiberal priesthood, but there will be another Italian reformation; Savonarola and Bernardino Ochino will reappear under other names, and the prayer of the centuries will some time be answered.

There is a lesson for us all, however, in the leading thought suggested by this paper in the *Catholic World*. Protestants, as well as Romanists, are too apt to suppose Christ is "inseparably and perpetually" united to their special communions. We all have, as have the Romanists, a remarkable providential history. Christ certainly was with our fathers; and would you see what He has done for us? *Circumspice!* look everywhere around you! It is Christ that has done it, and it is marvelous in our eyes. But we may not say He is "inseparably and perpetually" with us on this account. It is only as we are His Church, positively united to Him by a present and living faith; only as we are His apostles, going where He sends us and preaching the Gospel to every creature that we can reach, that we have any sure foundation of hope for the perpetuity and vitality of our branch of His Church. His Church will live! Thank God, Catholic and Protestant, can sing the doxology together upon this "rock." The outward unities are of less moment than the inward graces. Christ's Church embraces all true Churches, and the Holy Spirit which informs them all is constantly drawing all renewed hearts into a common experience of divine and fraternal love. There will some-time, indeed, be "a grand universal republic (which will be) properly called Christendom;" there may be many fraternal federal bodies bearing various family names in it, but they will all be simply Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, and Roman Christians—all forming one "holy Catholic Church," in which every renewed heart even now earnestly believes.

But the preservation of no one denomination, not even the Roman Catholic, is necessary for the fulfillment of Christ's promise of the perpetual duration of His Church. He does sometimes remove the candlestick out of

his place, from a people that have left their first love, and take away their crown of glory from their heads, as we learn in His messages by John to the Churches. We may not safely rely upon His past favors or the monuments that surround us of His benedictions upon our fathers. We must be "watchful and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die," so that He may set before us an open door which no man can shut.

## LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

The beautiful city of Geneva lies before me. The lovely lake, with its dark blue waters, and the rushing Rhone are at her feet, and the encircling mountains stand about her, like the mountains round about Jerusalem. Above them all towers thy head, "O sovereign Blanc!" That head is forever hoary with snow, and is "a crown of glory." At no place, not even at Chamounix, is the glance of these hills seen so well as from my window, and a week of perfect weather has kept him in view, seemingly only an hour's walk, but in reality fifty miles away.

I closed my last letter at Interlaken, in the heart of Switzerland. Now I am through, and to-morrow start for Paris, and leave the republic of the mountains behind me, perhaps forever.

From Interlaken we moved to Berne, where the bears are as prominent as is the lion in England. This is a quaint old town, a curiosity to visit, but for a residence it would be to me akin to a dungeon. Next comes Freyburg, with its romantic situation, and its wonderful suspension bridges, rivaling that of Niagara. We heard its renowned organ, with its peculiar tones, and supposed it wonderful till a lady at our side, from Philadelphia, said it did not equal the Boston organ, and then we concluded our entrance fee of a franc each was wasted, as we hope to hear the Boston organ many times before we die.

As we move on, a bend in the railroad gives us the first view of Lake Geneva, and it is a view never to be forgotten, as it stretches before us in every direction, dark in color, but a perfect mirror beneath the brilliant sunlight. At Lausanne, from Hotel Gibbon, at the summit of the hill, we scanned the lake, the boats, the hills, the encircling clouds, and then sailed by way of Vevey, said to be the healthiest, as well as one of the most beautiful towns in the world, on to Chillon, the prison of Bonnyard. We tarried for a night at the gorge of Trient, where the rushing river dashes between the perpendicular rocks which tower to dizzy heights on either side, and almost touch each other at the top. At Martigny we halt between three opinions. One is the Stimpson pass to Italy; the second is St. Bernard, with its humane and almost human dogs; and the third is the Tete Noir and Chamounix. The last prevails, and we jolt and groan all day, with mountain peaks around us, till we reach the little town with hardly any buildings except hotels. We are tired, and sleep, oblivious of all surroundings, till morning. Then a new scene presents itself. That little group are bound for the top of Mt. Blanc, and we call them fool-hardy. This long procession of mules is for men, women and children to climb to the Mer de Glace and see the frozen river. That other company are bound for the Flage, that they may overlook the nearer mountains and get a full view of Mt. Blanc. These English ladies—not American—did the Mer de Glace on foot yesterday, and are starting for the Flage to-day, and propose to cross the Tete Noir on foot to-morrow. It is a waste of energy, and seems useless, but they came here to do these things, and sometimes go back to England to walk no more.

We order mules, and climb the steep zigzag for three mortal hours, and look upon a frozen, broken, winding river, which has its head among the mountain peaks and its foot down in the valley. We cross and recross it, and then march down again. The ladies are heroic on mule-back, and do it well. From out these curious formations streams issue, and these are the sources of the great rivers of Europe. Thus "the Arve and the Arveiron ceaseless" at the foot of sovereign Blanc, but soon the Arve absorbs the Arveiron, and here at Geneva the Rhone swallows up the Arve, with all its mountain debris. This little river is white, and the Rhone is dark blue. They strike each other at a sharp angle, and then keep on their course perfectly distinct; but the Rhone is the mightier of the two, and crowds the weaker towards its bank, and after a mile or two the white line dwindles to a point, and is seen no more. How many persons meet in this world in a similar way, and the stronger overpowers the weaker and assumes the control! Happy is it if that stronger is the purer, as is the case with the overpowering Rhone!

One Sunday we spent in hearing Pere Hyacinthe in the morning, and afterwards a sermon in the American chapel. In the interim we enter the cathedral and view the place where John Calvin used to shake popery and promulgate his fatalistic doctrines. Pere Hyacinthe preached in French, which was, no doubt, of the purest, but perfectly unintelligible to us. His manner is earnest, his voice impressive, and he is evidently a good and a noble man. He has a small hall up two flights of stairs, and a changing congregation. As a reformer, he does not succeed. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant, and gets but few earnest followers. Could he see his way clear to leave Rome, he might do shake popery for his generation. As it is, he seems disappointed and his influence in this Protestant city is not mighty. He has

little of the power of Luther, or Calvin, or Knox, or Wesley, and will not make his name immortal.

It is surprising how cheaply one can live here. We are at the new National Hotel just out of the city, on the lake. Everything is of the first-class, and it is homelike to be among so many American families who are spending months here. Arrangements for a week or more enable one to live here from \$1.60 to \$2.00 per day, and during the winter for less. In Paris and America it is double this, and cannot be better. For situation, for comfort, and for society, let Americans choose this hotel and remain as long as is practicable, after the fatigues of journeying. A sojourn of a few weeks will live in memory forever.

J. B. GOULD.

Geneva, Sept. 17, 1877.

## FINAL SAFETY.

In that "great little book," as it has been called, of Thomas à Kempis, the treatise *De Imitatione Christi*, is a passage which has been supposed to be an allusion to himself, and which, though very simple, is very significant. "When one," he says, "who was in anxiety of mind, often wavering between hope and fear, did once, being oppressed with grief, humbly prostrate himself in a church, before an altar, in prayer, and said within himself, 'Oh, if I knew that I should yet persevere,'—he presently heard within him an answer from God, which said, 'What if thou didst know it, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst do then, and thou shalt be secure.' And being herewith comforted and strengthened, he committed himself wholly to the will of God and that no more anxiety ceased. Neither had he any mind to search curiously any farther to know what should befall him; but rather labored to understand what was the perfect and acceptable will of God, for the beginning and accomplishing of every good work."

There is a precious, a very consolatory bit of experimental theology, in this personal testimony of the sainted monk of Mount St. Agnes, sent down to us through more than four hundred years. It would be well uttered in any Methodist love-feast of our day.

It would seem that there could be no more complete blessedness on earth than an absolute, an unquestionable assurance of one's final salvation. To know for a certainty that we shall finally enter heaven and forever ever exult in its felicity—what would we not give, what not do, for such an inexpressible blessedness? How light would our heaviest trials become under such an assurance! How easy our severest duties of self-denial and labor! If this assurance were communicated to us, in some incontestible manner, say by a voice from heaven as at the baptism of Christ, or by a visioned angel as in the annunciation to the Virgin, would not the happy consciousness thrill the heart to its inmost fibre? Could we ever, afterward, be the same being we had been before? Would not all life, all the world, be transformed to us? Would we not go on our pilgrim way as walking in a sort of ecstasy? Would we not, like Paul, eagerly desire death itself that we might enter into our certain and ineffable bliss?

Yes, assuredly, child of God, there is no affliction which may be now brought thee to the dust, which may be about to bow thee down into the grave, that would not be transmuted into ecstasy itself, were an indisputable revelation to make it certain to thee that thou shalt, unfailingly, march through the "everlasting gates" and tread the golden streets forever, crowned and triumphant!

Preacher of the Word, how wouldst thou preach, if certain of this divine and infallible election? Thou wouldst become an apostle, shaking the very gates of hell! What would excess of labor, what would failing health, what would beggarly salary be to thee? Thou wouldst tread down the world beneath thy feet; thou wouldst covet martyrdom; thou wouldst know no higher ambition than that of Paul—to finish thy course, and to mount, were it even in the flames at the stake, to thy certain rest.

Suffering one, languishing on a bed of sickness, through weary days and watchful nights, and appointed thereto, as your ministry for the Master, in lessons of patience, resignation, and hope, how resplendent would those days become, and how serene those nights, if you were infallibly certain that all your trials were about to issue in eternal blessedness! As surely as your Redeemer liveth, it shall be so, if you, yourself, will it. Press to your very heart the blessed assurance; make thus your suffering a real ministry to all about you; fear nothing, and die triumphing in your Lord—a witness for Him to the last moment, and thus fulfill the ministry committed to you—the ministry of blessed suffering. The Captain of your salvation was made perfect through suffering. There is, perhaps, nothing in which the power and triumph of true religion is more demonstratively attested, before the world, than in the patient endurance of affliction. This is your appointment, your ministerial commission. Be faithful in it to the end, in all patience, in all serenity, in all sweetness of soul. "Rejoice in tribulation," and make all about you acknowledge that the grace of God hath wrought mightily with you in your trials. The living will lay your example to heart; and in doing, they will learn from you how to triumph over all things.

But then, as a Kempis admits, there is a contingency about our final safety. We may be lost. Yes; but the contingency is subjected, as we have said,

to our own volition. God willeth not the death of the sinner. He "willeth that he be gracious." He is more sollicitous to save us than we are to be saved. He pitieth us more than a father pitieth his child. In His infinite wisdom He has made our whole probation contingent. Contingency is essential in the very idea of probation. God has wisely left our final fate conditioned on our fidelity to Him. Do we not see the wisdom of this fact?

But, though this contingency hangs over all our probation, we can make the final issue of life certain. "Do now what thou wouldst do then, and thou shalt be secure," says a Kempis. If thou art certain of eternal life on certain conditions, lay hold on the conditions, and thou shalt thereby "lay hold," as St. Paul says, "on eternal life."

The whole question comes, then, to this: The contingency of your final salvation inheres, really, in the contingency of its present conditions or means. But the latter contingency is entirely subject to your volitional control. By the grace of God, then, you may make positive, certain calculations of getting safely into heaven. Rejoice, then, O child of God, in this fact! Take home to your heart the "full assurance of faith." Consecrate your all to God—all property, all talents, all life—and while you maintain, by faith, the consecration, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

## Editorial Items.

It has often been a matter of complaint in our hearing that the public spirit of Methodism, in New England, was deficient; that it bore no just proportion to our character and resources as a denomination. We certainly were not wanting in national spirit during the civil war. Our soldiers, nurses, and sanitary and Christian commission agents were as numerous and efficient as those of any other sect. Nor have we been wanting in spirit when "reforms" of any substantial sort were to be advocated. But, in matters of local interest to the communities where Methodism is planted, our ministers and laity have been too apt to manifest but little concern.

Of course, in the early days of Methodism, this was to be expected in the case of her ministers. Then it was her special mission, and it filled her hands, to preach the Gospel to those who had but little knowledge of "free grace;" and at that time the local interests of each community were well watched and guarded by ministers of the "standing order," who were settled in their pastorate for life. But, now-a-days, it is not only the case that every other pulpit practically dispenses "free salvation," but the average settlement of other pastors is little if any longer than our term of three years; so that there is no good reason why the ministers and laity of the Methodist Church should not have their share of the responsibility of guarding and promoting the educational and other local interests of those towns where we have established ourselves. Wherever we plant a Church, and organize its members, we are bound to have them come to stay, and that we are ready to bear our share of all local burdens, and to do what we can for the general welfare of the community.

Heretofore it has been not unfrequently the case in New England, that Methodism has received but little attention when there were to be school-committees selected, or town matters generally considered; but that day is fast passing away, if it has not fully gone by. We may henceforth expect to receive more denominational attention than heretofore, and that, too, without having to urge our own claims to attention.

The thing for us to do now, to stand ready, like men, to occupy whatever places are opened to us, and to show a real interest in all matters that concern the general prosperity and welfare. It ought never to be said with truth that there is a reluctance on the part of ministers or laymen to participate in local matters that do not pertain immediately to the interests of our own denomination. Let us stand ready to do anything that will save or serve the people.

Nothing could be more startling than the statements made by Rev. Reuben Thomas, at the meeting of the Alliance, last week, in reference to the demoralizing effect in England of license laws, and the enormous increase of wealth and political influence on the part of the proprietors of the immense breweries and liquor saloons. He affirmed that they controlled the government; that the Gladstone ministry was defeated, because the Premier attempted in some measure to limit the traffic. The license law, Mr. Thomas affirmed, was not executed, and could not be, for the entire confederation of liquor dealers supplied abundant means and the best legal talent, in every instance of prosecution, to secure release upon technical objections, or to protract litigation until too expensive and tedious to be endured. This tended to affect the general respect for law, and greatly to demoralize the community. Wealthy brewers were leading members of Churches, the chief supporters of public charities, donors of large missionary contributions, in numerous instances the rebuilders of parish churches, and, as licensed by law, were held among the most respectable citizens in the community. This closed the mouths of many of the clergy, and weakened the protests of the Churches. Mr. Thomas remarked that no tongue could describe the wretchedness, and poverty, and crime that were entailed upon Great Britain by these sales of alcoholic beverages, strong and light, to fill the bursting treasures of the legally licensed and publicly endorsed manufacturers and saloon keepers. A year ago, a tract was circulated by an association of manufacturers in this vicinity, showing the immense amount of capital now invested and the thousands of men employed in the manufacture of beer and other stimulating drinks. This was urged as a reason against the "rash movements of enthusiasts" to destroy personal property, to infringe upon vested rights and to take their bread from their children's mouths. Indeed! but is not this very fact the most impressive and moving argument to urge temperance men to action? What evil is all this enormous capital working out in the community? Would that the citizens of the State could hear Mr. Thomas relate his own observations in the streets of London, of the effect of beer drinking—of the agony and crime that form a portion of the active capital of these very wealthy and respectable Church

members who have so much invested in breweries, and spend their money so freely for Churches and missions! It is better that consuming flames should lay every one of these soul-destroying laboratories in ashes, and that their proprietors and families should fall upon the public for support, than that their awful work should be perpetuated and be even sanctified by law. It is time for Christian men to speak out.

The two leading religious events of last week in this vicinity were, first, the meeting of the American Board in the city of Providence, always an interesting and impressive occasion, and rarely more so than the present session. Above all—the excellent sermons, the admirable, encouraging and inspiring reports—the most significant incident, as marking the high tide of missionary, and consequently truly Christian, enthusiasm, in these times of financial depression, was the raising of the current debt of \$48,000. The Board has rather set its face against the gathering of money by special pressure on these anniversary occasions, in view, probably, of the possible effect upon succeeding meetings, and the reaction which might follow a heavy strain, seriously affecting the regular and indispensable monthly collections of the society. But this contribution came as an inspiration. Some of the grave members of the Board attempted to stay the rising tide, but in vain. Ex-Gov. Page, of Vermont, seemed impressed that the providential hour was reached, and he urged the raising of the whole sum at once, subscribing, himself, \$5,000. Others followed; the overflow meeting in an adjoining church united with them, and the noble sum was raised. We do not wonder that the doxology followed the sermon, and that the singing of the disciples of Jesus are thus sensitive to the calls and opportunities for the world's redemption.

The second event was the assembling of the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church in Boston. The opening exercises, within the elegant new temple, bearing the venerable name of the old Trinity, which has risen from the ruins of the venerable first into wonderful proportions and beauty of form and arrangement, were marked with much scenic and solemn impressiveness. The scores of Bishops in robes, and of priests in their professional costume, the procession up the aisle to the chancel under the sublime tones of the great organ, and the harmonies of sacred song—all seemed singularly adapted to the richly-ornamented and appointed church where it occurred. It was, as Theodore Tilton once irreverently said of Dr. Storrs and his beautiful church, a proper candle in its appropriate candle-stick. The opening sermon of Bishop Williams, and the missionary sermon of Dr. Schenck, were excellent, pertinent to the hour, and full of lessons of the highest wisdom. The debates are just opening, and promise to be of public as well as of denominational interest. On Thursday evening a great missionary meeting is to be held at the Tabernacle, and on Saturday afternoon a children's missionary meeting in the same place.

A musical festival, under the thoughtful and energetic guidance of Dr. E. T. Tupper, is to be held at the Tabernacle on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th inst., and the afternoon of Wednesday, the 17th. Dr. Tupper, it will be remembered, was the organizer of the great choruses which were assembled at the mammoth Faneuil Jubilee of 1869 and 1872. All the Massachusetts societies who entered the contest, and the invited to attend the coming musical reunion, and there have already been received from various quarters enthusiastic acceptances of the invitation. Two great choruses of thirteen hundred voices each, will take part, the Boston singers and those belonging to the immediate neighborhood appearing on the evening of Tuesday, and the second, or Wednesday chorus, being made up wholly of out-of-town societies. There will also be an orchestra of seventy-five musicians, an effective organ, played by Mr. George E. Whiting, and solo assistance from such distinguished artists as Mrs. John H. West, Mrs. F. H. Barry, Miss Lillian E. Norton, Signor P. Brignoli, Mr. Myron W. Whitney and Mr. R. Shubert, the cornet player. The whole will be under the skillful direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The programmes will comprise choruses from the standard oratorios, and other selections of popular music of an elevating class. The evening will be placed at a very low price considering the attractions of the concert, viz, 50 and 75 cents, according to location of seats.

The bringing together of the choral societies, as contemplated, cannot do otherwise than work good, both to the organizations themselves, and to the best interests of pure and elevating music. There should be frequent festivals of this character—the more the better—and there would specially be created in the community a love for truly good music, and a distaste for the false and pernicious in musical art. The festival concert certainly deserves the hearty support of the public.

There is not an intelligent man that for a moment believes that it is an account of his being a professed Christian, a leading member of a Church, and a Sunday-school superintendent, that such a man as W. C. Gilman commits forgeries and frauds. It is for the lack of the life of Christianity, and in despite of all the aids it would have afforded him; it is because he has withdrawn his hand from the divine grasp, grieved by neglect and yielding to temptation the Holy Spirit, that he has fallen. It is not his Sunday-school, his Church, or his position, which can save a tempted man. He can, He has, He ever will, even unto the end.

Prof. Bowen in his late valuable work on

Modern Philosophy, says:—"The result is, that I am now more firmly convinced than ever, that the philosophy of materialism and fatalism is baseless and false. I accept with unhesitating conviction and belief the doctrine of the being of one Personal God, the Creator and Governor of the world, and of one Lord Jesus Christ, in whom 'dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,' and I have found nothing whatever, in the literature of modern infidelity, which, to my mind, casts even the slightest doubt upon that belief. Not being a clergyman, I am not exposed to the cruel imputation which unbelievers have too long been permitted to fling against the clergy, of being induced by prudential motives to profess what they do not believe. Let me be permitted, also, to repeat the opinion, which I ventured to express as far back as 1849, that the time seems to have arrived for a more practical and immediate verification of the great truth, that the civilization which is not based upon Christianity is big with the elements of its own destruction."



There seems to be quite a general movement among certain classes of the colored people at the South, towards Africa. The agents of the old Colonization Society announce that there are many thousands now ready to go, and call for funds to aid them in sending out these volunteers. We wish to offer a word of caution. We appreciate the manly and Christian feeling that seems to inspire some of the colored leaders in this hebra. But it is a serious matter to go out, in a large body, into a new land and climate, without any provision made beforehand for a livelihood. The authorities of Liberia are in no condition to receive and establish a colony of fifty thousand emigrants, or even one thousand. If a limited number could go, from time to time, and prepare the way for others, the movement might be of great value to Africa, at least, and perhaps ultimately open a broad field of honorable activity for able and earnest men who desire opportunity for the rapid development of their own country. While we hope that small bodies of Christian families may emigrate to Liberia, we have not the slightest expectation that any considerable number will go for years to come. Black men in a generation, find verge enough in America, and there is a generous future before them here, we are confident.

We have received from Dr. Wines, and from Superintendent Eldridge of the Providence Reformatory School, copies of the proceedings of the late conference upon Prison Discipline, held at Newport, R. I., August 1st. Its chief feature is an elaborate system of preventive, reformatory and penitentiary institutions and discipline, prepared by the venerable Dr. Wines as the result of life-long observation and study, and adopted by the Conference. It is properly commended, for examination, to the legislatures and people of the different States, and to their thoughtful consideration. It is a very valuable addition to the literature of social science, and should be widely read.

The Methodist weekly ZION'S HERALD in its literary balances and pronounces it wanting, on account of falling in "Boston" English in an advertisement of its publisher. The Lord be praised, if that is the only criticism upon us in the eyes of so sharp a critic! We have much less trouble with the English of our friends of the *Methodist*, than with some of the *American* papers. After all, we would rather have this fault laid to our charge than the graver one of our Southern conferees, involving our courtesy and charity. Please forgive, and for the balance of its existence ZION'S HERALD and its writers will give more heed to the advice of Webster's "Best," to avoid the use of the term *balance* in any sense, and stand up a gross vulgarism to be shunned by all that would not "smell of the shop." We prefer the odor of the fields, and of "sanctity."

The *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for October is illustrated by a fine engraving of John Merrill Bradbury—a well-known banker and cultivated gentleman of Boston. This number has an interesting paper from Rev. A. B. Muzzey, giving personal recollections of men who were engaged in the battle of Lexington. Among the interesting contributions are Notes on American History, by Rev. Edward D. Neil. The paper read by Col. Francis J. Parker in opposition to the claims of the friends of Gen. Putnam that he commanded at Bunker Hill, is printed in full. It is proper to say, however, that Dr. Tarbox remains still unconvinced and stands up resolutely for the Connecticut general. This interesting number has the usual amount of family genealogies and very valuable antiquarian miscellany.

The *Atlanta Advertiser* of the 31st Inst. devotes four columns on its editorial page to an account of the reception given to President Hayes and party at Knoxville. It commends warmly his speeches and pledges, and gives the following item relative to Sabbath-keeping:—  
At Knoxville, on Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock the President and Mrs. Hayes, R. B. Hayes, Jr., and family, attended the First M. E. Church, and listened to a sermon from Rev. J. B. Ford. They, as a matter of choice, walked quietly to the church, attended by a few friends, and worshiped at that place. Mrs. Hayes is a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and she and her husband, though not a member of any denomination, always attend with her.

The *Appleton Temporary Home Month*, by a handsome quarto sheet, the first number of which is just issued, is the interest of the excellent hospital for incurables established by Mr. D. Banks McKenzie in Needham, and which is constantly accomplishing much good. It is filled with interesting miscellany bearing upon the subject of intemperance. Its subscription price is \$1 a year. We notice that the editor credits to the *Congregationalist*, and comments upon an article from ZION'S HERALD. We fear the *Congregationalist* would hardly be willing to stand sponsor for the articles in our paper on the temperance question.

Mrs. J. S. Bailey, leader of the Pilgrim Choir, Cambridgeport, has kindly trained the choir of one of our Cambridge Churches. Mrs. B. is making the teaching of choirs, choral societies and musical regiments, a specialty. She believes, as we heartily do, in the old-fashioned singing school; learning to read music, to sing correctly, and to widen the acquaintance with both classic and modern music. She will teach such classes this season at moderate prices. Her address is 88 Auburn Street, Cambridgeport.

Mr. J. W. Ravell, who has just won an honorable degree from the University at Göttingen, Germany, where he has been studying for the last two years, has returned to this country, and temporarily resides in Cambridge (23 Elly Street). He desires to enter upon his chosen profession as an educator, being especially prepared to teach chemistry, physics and mineralogy. He has ample testimonials as to his thorough preparation for his work. He can be addressed as above.

Sheldon & Co. are soon to put in press a new edition of Miller's "Life of Christ," brought down five years later than the previous issue, including an account of his two years' work on the Continent, and his visit in America; prepared by Prof. E. P. Thwing, of Brooklyn. This book will be of special interest at the present time, as Mr. Miller is to spend several months in this country, traveling about and preaching.

We are under obligation to Prof. J. T. Edwards, D. D., for a copy of his very interesting and instructive address delivered before the Agricultural Society of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., at its late annual fair in September, and published at their request. It is entitled, "The Grass Family." It is exhaustive and admirable on its theme, fully illustrated, as published, from the plates of Prof. Gray's large Botany.

The *Living Age* for the last quarter—vol. 19th of the fifth series, is already bound in its tasteful covers, and prepared to take its place upon library shelves with its long list of eminent predecessors. No pure literary magazine fills its place, or can supersede *Living Age*. Its tireless publishers always keep abreast of the thought of the hour. Little & Gay, Cornhill.

Rev. C. S. Nutter, of Berkley, Mass., is prepared to deliver lectures upon 1. The Girl of the Period, and the Woman of the Future; 2. Boys as they are, and Men as they ought to be; 3. American Ideas (new). Special terms are made when Churches desire to raise money for their own charities.

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made a life-member of the society. The meeting closed with the benediction by Dr. Steele.

**TUNTON.**—Rev. Thomas Harrison writes us the following interesting item: "I commenced work with Rev. W. Watson at Central M. E. Church three weeks ago. During this time about three hundred persons have been at the altar seeking religion. The congregations every night are immense—about eighteen hundred persons in attendance, and some days five meetings have been held."

"I expect to close my labors in this city in a few days, previous to commencing work in Ryland and Foundry Churches in Washington."

**Swampscott.**—Mr. W. W. Jackson, of this city, lectured upon the Remnants of Redeemed Manhood, at Swampscott, to a crowded and attentive audience on the evening of the 30th ult.

**MAINE.**  
A Woman's Foreign Missionary Meeting, for Portland district, was held at Biddeford this week, Oct. 4, under the direction of Mrs. B. M. Eastman, of Portland district, secretary, who presided. An ably written paper, prepared by Mrs. Harley, of Portland, on the Origin of the W. F. M. Society, was read in a very impressive manner by Mrs. G. Cushman, of Portland. Interesting papers were also read by Mrs. Rev. T. P. Adams, of Cape Elizabeth, and Miss Harrison, of Gorham. The ladies of Biddeford made a provision for the meeting in a sumptuous collation. But for the severe storm, the meeting would have been much larger. The Biddeford auxiliary has been resurrected, and is in a flourishing condition.

Rev. J. W. Johnston, of Boston Highlands, preached in the Congress Street Methodist Church on exchange with the pastor, Rev. W. H. Sterling.

Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Free Baptist Church in Portland, baptized four persons in the back bay Sabbath, Sept. 30.

Of the 150 persons who have been admitted in the Maine General Hospital during the past year, 80 have been discharged recovered, 48 relieved, 14 not relieved, 13 not treated, and 10 have died. The expense for the year has been a trifle over \$13,000. J. B. Brown was elected president, and F. H. Garrison secretary for the ensuing year.

Sabbath, Sept. 30, was a red-letter day with the Chestnut Street Church in Portland. Twenty-eight persons were received into the Church from probation during the forenoon services, and in the afternoon the congregation, led by their pastor, Rev. J. L. Day, completed a subscription of six thousand dollars, which is one-half of their funded debt. This debt, which has been an embarrassment to the Church for years, by the persistent energy and tact of the present pastor, is brought within very manageable limits.

Dr. McCarty, of New Orleans, has been spending the present week in Portland, looking after the interests of his Church. He preached in Chestnut Street in the morning, and Pine Street in the afternoon, to the great delight of these congregations.

**RHODE ISLAND.**  
The first week in October will long be remembered by the religious people of Providence on account of the presence of the American Board among them. The occasion from first to last was one of the dearest interest. Presided over by the venerable and excellent Mark Hopkins, D. D., attended by thousands of the leading ministers and members of the Congregationalists of New England and other parts of the Union, the secretaries, models of piety, number of returned missionaries, entertained with a generous hospitality by the Christian people of Providence, favored with good weather, there was nothing lacking to make the meeting a success. While the reports presented were instructive, the discussions well-sustained, and the addresses, chosen by the speakers, were of the kind, the interest culminated Wednesday evening in a successful endeavor to lift the debt of \$48,000. Its removal is very much due to ex-Gov. Page, of Vermont, who not only gave \$5,000, but also carried the meeting in a proposition to immediately wipe out the debt, against the fears of some less resolute than himself. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, also gave \$5,000, and the Congregationalists of Providence, \$9,000. The board enters upon a new year with a good prospect of raising \$500,000.

A great shadow has rested during the week on the family of Brother J. L. Webster, of the Mathewson Street Church, in the death of an only daughter. Though less than eight years old, she was a devoted child, and had won the hearts of many of the domestic circle by her gentle and loving ways.

Rev. G. W. Stearns, M. D., has removed from New Bedford to Providence, where he has entered upon the practice of his profession, and where he will, we doubt not, achieve success. His coming is most welcome to the Methodists of Providence.

Rev. William Taylor spent the last Sunday in September in Providence, preaching in the Chestnut Street and Mathewson Street churches, and lecturing on Monday evening on his labors in Africa, Australia and India.

Rev. Joseph Cook delivers four lectures in Providence during the month of October, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

A very pleasant welcome was given to the pastor of Trinity Church, in connection with a Sunday-school concert, held Sept. 2, at the Chestnut Street Church, by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Webster, and the choir of Trinity Church.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, October 21.  
Lesson III. Acts xxi, 17-30.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## PAUL AND THE BIGOTTED JEWS.

Paul's defense was his own experience. The Christian faith was to him no "cunningly devised fable." The most vivid thing in the whole range of his thought was the effect of conversion upon his own life. He was now permitted to address the Jewish mob, that had hurled itself upon him. What should he say to those hot-headed, blood-thirsty assassins? Could he argue with them? Reasoning would accomplish nothing with an unreasonable rabble. The only thing that would hold their attention at all was just the story that the captive apostle gave them—the story of his own conversion. Paul often fell back upon this line of address, especially when brought face to face with violent opposition. It did not always avail in convincing his hearers of the truth, but it was the most effective argument he could use in the defense of the faith. So it is always; experience is the best argument in pleading with the sinful. This is unimpeachable testimony. No one can be a thorough and effective teacher of spiritual truth until he speaks out of the depths of a personal, vital experience. We are not to be discouraged, or disbelieve in the power of personal testimony, because our words seem unavailing. Paul did his duty in uttering those clear, manly confessions; and although the mob hissed back their scorn, and would have torn him in pieces, his witnessing to the truth was none the less grand and true.

When I was come again to Jerusalem. This was Paul's first journey to Jerusalem after his conversion, in the year A. D. 33.

While I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance. This is the only account given of that vision. It happened while he was worshipping in the temple, and was given to him as one of those clear, spiritual illuminations by which his duty became plain before him. This ecstasy is not to be confounded with other visions which he had of a similar nature. The intent of this one, however, makes it distinct from all others.

Saw him, saying unto me, Make haste. The vision of his Lord was distinct. The Master who had appeared to him in the blinding light at Damascus, was no less really before him in the temple, and with the same authoritative voice, roused him to his danger.

Get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, etc. Paul had gone to Jerusalem expecting to remain, and become acquainted with the brethren there. But the Lord had other plans for him. So God deals with us frequently by His providential interference, cutting short our purposes, and leading us out into new fields, saving us from ineffectiveness and disaster oftentimes.

For they will not receive thy testimony. The superior wisdom of the Lord reversed the judgment of Paul, who had come to Jerusalem thinking that here, where he had been well known as a persecutor, his testimony for Jesus would be received.

Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat, etc. There was this black record of his past life written upon the memory of all who had known him. He wanted to have that past obliterated. He longed to make a new record in Jerusalem as an apostle and witness for the Saviour whom he had fought against. He pours out this confession of his past sinfulness, pleading with his Lord that he might remain in the city and in some measure undo the wrongs that he had committed.

When the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, etc. This sad tragedy also occurred to him as a bitter memory; at which he was a consenting witness.

By a law of our spiritual nature, there springs up in the forgiven heart a desire, which amounts sometimes to a holy passion, to do something to atone for the wrongdoing of the past. All that sin of persecution, of which Paul had been guilty, was forgiven. And yet the new Paul wanted to bear brave witness before his old confederates, that he hated his sin and loved the cause which he had trampled upon.

Depart, for I will send thee far hence. The atonement of Christ needs no supplementing by human sacrifices or works of penance. Paul would have been no more truly a forgiven man, even if he had carried out his own plan and stayed in Jerusalem at that time of which he speaks. To do God's will, is the whole duty of the redeemed. Where we serve, and what may be the circumstances of our service, have little to do with the question of our acceptability. Paul wished to be a witness in Jerusalem; his Lord wanted him in a larger field. His work was, not to make fruitless endeavors among the Jews to annul his own reputation as a persecutor by establishing a reputation for fervent apostleship, but to carry truth and salvation to the Gentiles.

They gave him audience. The mob listened to this recital of his own experience, but with hatred and contempt scarcely suppressed.

Away with such a fellow! Their hardened hearts were not touched in the slightest degree. That former judgment of the Lord which Paul had just quoted in his address, "They will not receive thy testimony," was as true now as then, and their shout of murder demonstrated its truth.

They cast off their clothes and threw

dust in the air—a violent method of showing their disgust at Paul and his sentiments.

Not flinging off their garments as preparing to stone him; but shaking their garments as shaking off the dust (Alford).

He should be examined by scourging. The chief captain was not satisfied as to the reason for such violence on the part of the mob, and therefore committed Paul to the torture of the lash, thinking to extract some confession of outwary from the innocent man.

Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman? The outrage against which Paul cried out in the name of his Roman citizenship was probably the binding connected with the scourging to which the commander had ordered him to be subjected. "That was an indignity which was not to come near the person of a Roman, even after condemnation; the infliction of it on the part of a judge or magistrate exposed him to the severest penalty."

Take heed what thou doest—said by the centurion (commander over one hundred men) to the chief captain. If Paul was really a Roman citizen, he thought this illegal treatment better be at once stopped.

Paul was not a Roman citizen because he was of Tarsus; for (1) that city had no such privilege, but was only an *urbs libera*, not a *colonia* nor a *municipium*; and (2) if this had been so, the mention of his being a man of Tarsus would have, of itself, prevented his being scourged. It remains, therefore, that his father or some ancestor must have obtained the *civitas*, either as a reward for service or by purchase (Alford).

Tell me, art thou a Roman? The question seems to be put by the chief captain, not as though doubting the fact, but for the sake of knowing more fully from the prisoner's own lips how he became a citizen.

With a great sum obtained I this freedom. Citizenship was purchasable with money; under some emperors the price was enormous.

A few years earlier than this, in the reign of Claudius, the rights of Roman citizenship were sold by Messalina and the freedmen, with shameless indifference, to any purchaser, and it was currently said that the Roman *civitas* might be purchased for two cracked drinking cups (Hackett).

But I was free-born. He had received his citizenship by a far better title than the officer—by birthright.

Straightway they departed, etc. All proceedings which would have been carried out for his examination and trial, had he been an alien, were stayed.

The chief captain also was afraid. He was an officer under the Roman power, and held his place only by virtue of being a faithful executioner of imperial law. His place would be forfeited if he should knowingly transcend the limits of law. If Romans were so scrupulous in obeying the Roman law, how much more ought Christians to reverence the will of God, and honor, by obedience, the majesty of the law of the kingdom of heaven.

On the morrow . . . he loosed him, or released him from the bands in which he had been wrongfully confined. Commanded the chief priests, etc. The Roman officer appears to have exercised authority over the Sanhedrim of the Jews. About twenty-six years before this time the Sanhedrim ceased to hold their sessions in the temple. Had they done so now, the soldiery could not have been present. Their present council-room was in the upper part of the city.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, October 14.

1. To whom was Paul speaking?
2. To what visit does he refer in speaking of having come to Jerusalem?
3. Why was Paul willing to make this confession of past wrongs?
4. Was there anything in Paul's address fitted to excite the indignation of the mob?
5. By what plea was he liberated from his fetters?
6. What constitutes citizenship in God's kingdom?

## WITH TRUNKS PACKED FOR SCHOOL OR COLLEGE.

Within the last month thousands of young men and boys have left home to enter upon another year of educational life. Let a friend give a few words of counsel:

Do honest work from the first hour of the session. Your duties at school, or college, will be marked off into definite, manageable parts. Take good care of the whole by taking good care of every part. Every lesson neglected places an unsound piece of timber in the foundation of your house. Every idle hour multiplies the chances of your failure in life. Every page, or principle, skipped or unlearned, makes your life and character more and more a pretense, a falsehood. Your duties are real. The exactions made on you by the machinery of school and college are real. The wants of your expanding nature are real. The results of this year's tuition will be real in every case, for good or evil. Work cheerfully with those who are trying to bring out your character and manhood. Be neither an unwilling animal, dragged along, nor a lump of impassive clay. Be a willing, cheerful, hearty co-worker with God and man, to fashion yourself into something noble and divine. "Not for wrath but for conscience sake," bring to every ringing of the bell the best preparation possible.

Beware of the first wrong step. Be afraid of the first triding or dangerous book, or newspaper. Shun the first

advance of a profane, or sensual, or reckless young man. I hope every many of you can truthfully say, to the first invitation from man or woman to touch a card, "I do not know one card from another, and I intend never to learn." Have on hand the ready and unyielding NO, for any invitation to go to the bar-room, or to let the bar-room come to you. Never smile at any jest which you would not be willing to repeat to your sister. KEEP YOURSELF PURE. Look out for the truthful, ingenious, unselfish, uncorrupted young man, and "grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel;" thus forming friendships to brighten your young and your maturer life.

Take especial care of all the money entrusted to you. Perhaps every dollar is the fruit of a parent's personal toil. Certainly, every dollar is a token and proof of a parent's love. Be honest, to a postage stamp. Never go in debt without a positive warrant from home. Never conceal a debt from your parents.

Be true to your highest convictions of duty. Never be ashamed to be known as belonging to a Christian age, and a Christian family. Never blush when accused of reverencing the God of your parents. Be ashamed not to pray to Him. Keep His written message on your study table. Let no day pass without thoughtful communion with Him. Keep your Sabbath, if possible, up to the level of those at home. Answer every church-bell (when you are in health) as punctually as you answer the college, or the breakfast bell. Are you a Church member the last day you spend at home? Be a Church-member the first day you spend at your boarding-house. Go, an accredited Church-member, and introduce yourself as such, to pastor and congregation, in your new home. When the communion-table is first spread there, go humbly and thankfully to your place. If your fellow-students have a weekly meeting for prayer, praise, or Christian conference, be in your place regularly, with your appropriate contribution, whether silent attention, a song, a word of brotherly exhortation, or an humble prayer.

Keep unbroken the free connection with home. Write to your parents regularly, fully, and affectionately. You cannot know how much it pains them to give up your company just at this season of life. You cannot know the necessary anxieties of a parent's heart. Do not add to them the unnecessary and terrible suspicion, "My child is forgetting me!"

The new educational year is before you, as a fresh and clean sheet of paper. The characters you write on it will be imperishable, and will, most probably, determine the style of successive pages in your life record. See to it, that these characters are such as will not put you to shame hereafter.—Abridged from the Southern Christian Advocate.

## The Family.

## UP THE HILL.

BY ANNIE ARMSTRONG.

Up a steep and rocky hillside  
Climbed a little child one day,  
Heedless of all stones and briars,  
Hastening panting all the way;  
Hair all flying in the breeze,  
On she went with cheeks a glow,  
Though her tiny feet were weary,  
And her steps became more slow;  
But she never faltered, till she  
Reached the summit; then stood still,  
And with childish joyous laughter,  
Shouted, "I am up the hill!"

Backward through the misty shadows  
Of the years that since have flown,  
Comes that echo to my fancy  
Like some long forgotten tone.  
I can almost feel the bounding  
Of that baby heart again,  
As the world lay stretched before me  
In that long ago. Since then  
I have climbed another hillside,  
And am toiling upward still,  
And the evening shades are ever  
Find me climbing up the hill.

But this hill seems so much longer,  
And the way sometimes so steep,  
That 'tis hard to keep the pathway,  
And to shun its pitfalls deep.  
Then the briars on life's journey,  
Harder are to thrust aside,  
And most all that early courage,  
With that fresh young hope has died.  
Many of the dearly loved ones  
Now are lying cold and still,  
And have left me sad and lonely,  
Slowly climbing up the hill.

But the summit of life's mountain  
Must be very near to me,  
And I know when I have finished  
All my climbing, I shall see  
That if oftentimes I have labored  
When I faint would stop and rest,  
It has made that rest but sweeter—  
For the Father knoweth best,  
And perhaps ere long—how knoweth—  
I may cry out with a thrill  
Of that same old joyous rapture,  
"I am safely up the hill!"

## SARATOGA IN SEPTEMBER.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

Saratoga is most crowded in July and August; Saratoga is most beautiful in June and September. Fortunate are they who can come to this famous spa in the advance guard of the season's host; even more fortunate are they who can be here when the season is closing, and summer's beauty is passing into the rich maturity of autumn.

During the week of our present visit, the days have been perfect. The atmosphere itself is an exhilarating tonic. It is neither too warm nor too cold, but just right, for the most delightful driving. The trees are beginning to don their coats of many colors, far more resplendent than Joseph's. Congress Park is deserted by the great crowds

that enjoyed the enchantment of its evening illuminations and concerts only a week or two since, but for a morning walk or an evening ramble with a friend or two, it is even more alluring than when so thronged. All the large hotels have closed this week except the United States, and that seems lonesome, for its spaciousness hides the scores who are still domiciled within its walls.

The delightful home of the Drs. Strong is still crowded with a brilliant company. The parlors overflow at the morning devotions, and in the impromptu entertainment that frequently follows there is displayed an abundance of wit and wisdom and a rich variety of musical gifts. This favorite retreat has been even more popular this year than ever, and its register furnishes a remarkably long roll of distinguished names.

The trustees of the First Methodist Church are pluckily pushing their efforts to relieve it of the great debt occasioned by the series of failures which deprived them of the resources on which they had relied. Rev. H. C. Sexton, the financial agent, is progressing shrewdly and steadily in his work. There is special need just now for ready money to take care of notes falling due, and any one willing to aid a most important object, will do well to forward ten dollars to the pastor of the Church, Rev. W. H. Hughes, or to the agent, and thus become one of the thousands desired to raise the fund started by Bishop Haven. This magnificent structure should be promptly rescued from the peril that has hung over it for a few months past. Its interests are those of the whole denomination.

On Wednesday, the 19th ult., all Saratoga and the population of the country towns within a radius of a score of miles, with not a few from Troy and Albany, went to Bemis Heights, and celebrated the centennial anniversary of the battle which arrested the onward movement of Burgoyne. It was a notable spectacle, to see the twenty thousand people, and the vast variety of vehicles which conveyed them, from "the deacon's one-hoss shay" to the glittering barouches and the huge Saratoga omnibuses. The fences of many a large field were lined with horses hitched to posts and rails. The arrangements for the celebration had been admirably planned, and under the direction of Gen. W. B. French as chief marshal, were carried out with a promptitude and completeness rare on such occasions. The military display was fine, the addresses were interesting to read, if not to hear, the poem was worthy of the name, the sham fight so skillfully arranged that it was not farcical, and the homeward race—in which our span distanced all competitors—sufficiently lively to add a touch of pleasurable excitement to a day of placid intellectual and physical enjoyment. The closing stanzas of Prof. Lowell's poem may fully terminate this communication:—

"They met the foe,—We will not say  
All that was done, of deadly fray;  
How forward, now, now back they away,  
Till night settled late.  
But by the first strong stand here made  
Burgoyne's long summer-march was stayed,  
And many an anxious one took breath,  
Who watched the turn, for life or death,  
In the young country's fate."

"Here, once for all, his march was crossed;  
He tried again, again he lost;  
And ere the season, growing old,  
Knew summer out of date,  
And huzed the wood with red and gold,  
Burgoyne's short story has been told;  
A brave heart, but his cause was cold;  
God willed our free-born state,  
And so Burgoyne's last march was made;  
Between our line he led his last parade."  
Saratoga Springs, Sept. 22, 1877.

## THE BEST ROAD.

There was once upon a time an old woman, who lived by making brooms; she had two children, Tuttil and Puttill. Tuttil was a boy, and Puttill a girl. One day the old woman had earned four pence, so she said to the children:

"Here are four pence for you; go to the town and get some bread."

The children had never been to the town before, and asked which way they must go.

"The way is not difficult to find. At first you have only to follow the high road until you come to a hill overgrown with juniper bushes; then the road divides into two, and you must there choose whichever way you think is best."

The children found these directions very easy to follow, and they started with their money, delighted at the prospect of seeing the town.

When they came to the hill covered with juniper bushes, and saw the two roads before them, they began to wonder which way was really the best. It seemed to them as if one road was just as good as the other, and for some time they stood still, not knowing what to do.

Just then a robin-redbreast, who sat in a birch on the side where the road turned to the right, began to sing:

"Stale bread, stale bread, twit! twit!" But a crow, who sat amongst the juniper bushes on the left side, croaked:

"Cracknels and gingerbread, caw! caw!"

"Don't you hear the robin-redbreast is singing 'stale bread'?" said Puttill. "We had better take the right road, and do our errand."

"No," replied Tuttil; "the crow promises us cracknels and gingerbread. The left road must be the best one."

As they could not agree, they each took two pence, and turned on their own way.

As all roads lead to Rome, so both the roads led to the town. When Tuttil had gone on for some little time, he came to the town-gate, and there sat an old woman at a stall, crying out, "Two for a farthing! two for a farthing!"

"What does she mean?" wondered Tuttil, stepping forward to see what she had got. He opened his eyes wide, for the table was covered with gingerbread-nuts and cracknels.

"Can I buy two cracknels for a farthing?" asked Tuttil.

"Yes," said the old woman; "the gingerbread-nuts cost a halfpenny each, but I won't charge you more than a farthing."

"Dear me, how cheap!" thought Tuttil. "Won't mother be delighted to get such a lot of cakes for so little!" and with that he bought cracknels with half his money, and gingerbread-nuts with the other half.

How many did he get?

The bargain concluded, Tuttil went on to have a look at the town, which he found very marvelous; such high houses, such beautiful young ladies, and in every shop window brass mirrors were hanging. Tuttil looked about at everything, and at last he began to feel hungry.

"As the cracknels are so very cheap, I may as well taste one of them, but only just one," and he ate one.

After a little while he felt as hungry as ever. "I may as well have one of the gingerbread-nuts, since she lowered the price of them for me. But only just one," and the gingerbread disappeared.

The more he ate the hungrier he felt, and again a cracknel and again a gingerbread were tasted. It was always only just one.

As the evening was now coming on, Tuttil began to think of returning.

Tuttil wandered slowly homeward, for he was both tired and hungry. One after another the cracknels and the gingerbread-nuts went the same way down his little throat, but still only one at a time. With every mouthful he thought, "Only just one."

At last he had only one cracknel and one gingerbread left in his pocket. "Only one of each is left now," he thought, "and that is not enough for supper for all of us," and thereupon he ate the last.

Tuttil came home while his mother and Puttill were contentedly having their supper of the bread that Tuttil had bought, for she had entered the town by the other gate, and had gone straight to the baker and bought the bread.

"Well, Tuttil," said his mother, "where is your bread?"

Tuttil fumbled and twisted his cap about and made it quite square, and began to tell of all the marvelous things he had seen in the town, about the high houses, the beautiful young ladies, and the brass mirrors in the shop windows.

"But where is your bread?" asked the mother.

Tuttil made the cap three-cornered instead of square, and spoke about the apple woman by the town-gate, and how remarkably cheap she sold the most delicious things.

"But where is your bread?" asked his mother for the third time.

Tuttil knew that he must let out the truth now, and the worst of all was that he still felt hungrier than a wolf on a Christmas morning.

"Sit down to the table," said his mother.

Tuttil made his cap round again, and sat down to supper, and the most remarkable fact was that the stale bread tasted even better than cracknels and gingerbread-nuts.

"Well," said his mother, "can you tell me now which was the best road—the one which led to greediness, or that which led you to obey your mother?"

"The one to obey mother," answered Tuttil.

"Never forget that again," said the old woman.—Translated from the Swedish, in the *Churchman*.

## MRS. DR. MINER RAYMOND.

BY PROF. F. D. HENNINGWAY.

Elizabeth Henderson Raymond, wife of Rev. Miner Raymond, D. D., died in Evanston, Ill., September 19, 1877.

She was born in Mount Hall, Tyrone County, Ireland, August 12, 1814. Six years later her father's family came to this country, fixing their residence in Webster, Mass. Here, August 20, 1837, she was married to Miner Raymond, by whose side she has since walked in faithful and loving union. Seven of the forty years which have since intervened they have spent in the Methodist pastorate, twenty in connection with Wilbraham Academy, and the remaining thirteen in this place where Dr. Raymond has filled the chair of doctrinal theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Mrs. Raymond was no ordinary woman. Her parents were of Scotch Presbyterian extraction, but were early reached by the Wesleyan revival which was carried to them by the Wesleys themselves. How good a Methodist a Presbyterian can make, may perhaps be somewhat indicated by the fact that for fifty years against her father's name in the Methodist class-book, there was never written A for absent, nor S for sick; only sometimes, in his later years, when he visited the homes of his children, would there be D for distant.

The strong qualities foreshadowed by such a parentage were possessed in large measure by Mrs. Raymond. Of commanding personal presence and noble physical development, of unusual

breadth of nature and force of character, frank and simple in manners, and affectionate in spirit, thoroughly loyal to God and the Church, and most unwearied in her Christian activities, she stood before us an admirable specimen of a true Christian woman. No one among us would be more widely missed or more sincerely mourned.

Mrs. Raymond's special glory was that of every true woman who sustains the relations of wife and mother. She was a fit helpmeet for her distinguished husband—worthy of him and the station she was called to fill as his wife. Her presence and influence were among the grand conditions of his public work, and so in no unimportant sense his words have been her words, and his work her work. Together have they toiled in the Master's vineyard; together shall they drink the new wine of the kingdom in the Paradise of God.

Five of their seven children have been spared to come to maturity, and for the last years have all resided in this community. Hence, of late, Mrs. R. has had all her surviving children and grand-children about her, and has constantly lived in the atmosphere of their affection. Thus to spend the closing years of her life and to die in the midst of a circle so interesting and so complete, was a fitting close of an unusually happy domestic history.

Her last sickness was peculiarly trying to one of her character and temperament. She who in her strength had "girded herself and walked whither she would," came to an experience of helplessness and pain more severe and bitter than crucifixion itself. With little warning her nervous system suddenly and hopelessly gave way, thus precipitating her into a fearful abyss of suffering. But her suffering became her coronation. Though pitifully helpless as to her natural strength, she was still a victor. Her touching self-forgetfulness and her tender thoughtfulness of others, even in the midst of her mortal anguish, shed a divine beauty over her sick and dying bed. She trusted in God, and He saved her.

It was a beautiful afternoon when we gathered in the pleasant family home, which had been so long gladdened by her presence, to join in the services of religion before we should pass on to the narrow house appointed for all living. All classes were represented, for all were sincere mourners. The words we said were few and simple, but the very presence of the assemblage bore eloquent testimony to her worth and to the general sense of bereavement. We laid her for her final resting place in Rose Hill—one of our beautiful lakeside cemeteries. So carefully had she prepared her bed with evergreens and flowers, that we hardly recognized it as a grave. As we joined in the final services around this home of the dead, the mild September sun poured forth a quiet smile over the fair earth, but there came down upon us a brighter glory from the invisible heavens. And then we knew it was the presaging dawn of the resurrection morning.

Evanston, Ill.

## THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church tower  
Hangs the bell;  
And above it on the vase,  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
Cut in gold, St. Peter stands,  
With the keys in his two hands,  
And all is well!

In the old church tower  
Hangs the bell;  
You can hear its great heart beat,  
Ah! so loud, and wild, and sweet,  
As the person says a prayer  
Over happy lovers there;  
While all is well!

In the old church tower  
Hangs the bell;  
A quail friend that seems to know  
All our joys and all our woes;  
It is glad when we are wed;  
It is sad when we are dead;  
And all is well!

Unknown.

## FOR THE LITTLE BOYS.

GRANDPA'S STORY.

"When I was about five years old," said Grandpa H., "my father left our pleasant home in Massachusetts, and made a home for us in the wilds of Canada. We lived in a log-house, and it was surrounded, on all sides, by the forest.

"One pleasant, summer day, when I was nearly ten years old, my mother wished to send a message to my uncle William, who lived over a mile distant from my father's; and as the men were very busy, she told me I might go, and stay with my cousin until two o'clock. So I made haste to be ready, and kissing mother's 'good bye,' set out. There was over half a mile of woods to pass through, but the way was perfectly familiar, and I soon reached my uncle's house.

"Sammy was delighted to see me, and we had a grand time. At the appointed time, I started for home. When about half way through the wood, I stopped to gather some flowers to carry to my mother, and on stepping back into the path, what should I see but a great, black bear, sitting in the road directly in front of me. I knew it was a bear, for father and uncle William had killed one the year before, and I

had thoroughly examined every limb and feature.

"I felt very weak, you may be sure, and my limbs trembled so much, I thought I was going to fall; but just then I remembered what mother and I had read in the Bible, about the Lord delivering David

from the paw of the bear, and I knelt right down there, the bear growling all the time, and asked the Lord to take care of me, as He did of David, so that I might again see my mother.

"It seemed, that minute, as if God came close beside me, and then I wasn't a bit afraid, for I knew He would take care of me. I sprang up, waved my hat, and shouted as loud as I could. The bear stopped growling, and ran off into the woods, and I ran for home.

"When I told mother, she caught me in her arms and cried, and I could hear her whisper, 'Thank God, thank God!'

"Father and his men, with their guns and hatchets, went in search of Bruin, and before sundown returned, bringing with them one of the largest bears seen in that part of the country. I knew him, at once, by a light spot on his neck. I need not assure you that I was a happy boy."

AUNT ACHIE.

## THE HEART.

(From the German.)  
Two chambers hath the heart,  
And there  
Dwell Joy and Care.

Wake Joy in thine;  
Thus Care in his  
Will peacefully recline.

Oh Joy, beware!  
Speak gently,  
Lest thou waken Care.

## SUGGESTIVE TO FAULT-FINDERS.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear your preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology!"

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see! I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the







## Business Notices.

## SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

**Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute.**  
Open all the year, in the headquarters of the Christian and literary office, seeking health and pleasure. For full particulars send for descriptive circular.

212

**How to get Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve.** Send in work. Get orders for four or five (5) cent boxes. Send us 50¢ in BOSTON, and we will send you return mail etc. boxes of the salve. Please say, "Saw notice in Zion's Herald." J. J. PIER, & Co., Chelsea, Mass. 214

**Dr. J. J. Caldwell, Baltimore, states:** "I have used Collier's Liniment for Rheumatism and Tonic Lavigator largely in debility, febrile and nervous diseases, and I have found it one of the most reliable of medicinal tonics now in use or to be found in pharmacy. WEEKS & POTTER, Agents." 216

**A few trials of Ridge's Food will prove** its wonderful power in building up the system however debilitated. WOOLRICH & CO., concave abel. 214

## FOR DYSPEPSIA, WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY.

Epsom, N. H., May 3, 1870.  
Dear Sir—Having received great benefit from the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP, I am willing to add my testimony to the thousands of others constantly sounding its praise. During the late war I was in the army, and had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was confined in Salisbury and other Southern prisons several months, and became so much reduced in health and strength as to be a mere skeleton of my former self. On being released, I was a fit subject for a Northern hospital, where I remained some two months and then came home. My physician recommended and procured for me several bottles of PERUVIAN SYRUP, which I continued to use for several weeks, and found my health restored and my weight increased from ninety pounds to one hundred and fifty, my usual weight, and I have been in my usual good health ever since; and I can cheerfully recommend it in all cases of weakness and debility of the system, whether arising from an impure state of the blood, dyspepsia, or almost any other cause, believing it will in most cases give entire satisfaction. Yours truly,  
GEO. S. BIXBY, Jr.

Sold by dealers generally.  
In spite of the fact that money is becoming everywhere more plenty, the demand is still absolute for low prices. Those desiring standard goods at bottom prices should visit Messrs. J. H. Pray, Sons & Co. They are now selling English and American Brussels at \$1.25 to \$1.40. For price \$2; a large variety of standard tapestry carpets at \$1; ex. super. of the best makes in the country at 30 cents, and everything else in proportion.

Parties wishing to make solid investments at from 8 to 10 per cent. interest on time, certificates of deposit, municipal bonds, or real estate mortgages as guaranteed, can have the privilege of personal explanations for some days, from John D. Knox, of the BANKING HOUSE OF JOHN D. KNOX & CO., Topeka, Kansas, at the Sherman House, or at 38 Bromfield Street, Boston. This house has done business for six years with many persons in New England, and furnished them excellent security and a good rate of interest. Mr. K. can give first-class references. Your money need not be idle when good investments are offered.

J. Elliot Bond at 173 Washington Street appears in our columns this week with an advertisement of Carpeting, Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Oil Cloths, etc., which must attract the attention of all who are in want of those lines of Merchandise. Mr. Bond's goods are reliable, and his prices very popular as investigation will convince any one.

The lands of the Kansas Pacific Railway are said to be the best in America. They are settled by thrifty people; they are already provided with markets. See advertisement in another column. "Kansas Farms and Free Homes."

Time Tests the Merits of  
of all things. 1877.  
FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS

## PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

Has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveler, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our LAKE OR RIVERS without it. Be sure you call for it, and get the genuine Pain Killer, as many worthless imitations are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

Directions accompany each bottle.  
Price, 25 cts, 50 cts, and \$1.00 per bottle.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.  
PERRY DAVIS & SON, PROPRIETORS, PROVIDENCE, R. I. 212

## MENEELY &amp; KIMBERLY

BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y.  
Manufacture a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. 219

## MENEELY &amp; COMPANY.

Bell Foundry, West Troy, N. Y.  
Fifty years established. CHURCH BELLS and CHIMES. Acoustic. Patent. Improved Patent Mountings. Catalogues free. No agencies. 214

We have just received from Switzerland an immense line of Real

## Lace Curtains

These goods have been consigned to us by the manufacturers, to be sold without reserve, at the following extraordinary reductions:  
\$6.00, formerly \$10.00.

8, " 12,  
10, " 15,  
11, " 16,  
12, " 17,  
15, " 22,  
16, " 24,

and many other prices in the same proportion. Our customers are cordially invited to examine these goods, and compare prices and styles.

WHITNEY, WARNER & CO.,  
143 TREMONT STREET.

## NEW CARPETS.

J. LOVEJOY & SONS  
Are now opening New and Desirable Goods, and invite special attention to their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.  
Also to a Large and choice Assortment of the best makes of

## AMERICAN CARPETS,

which they are offering at Very Low Prices.

179 TREMONT ST.,  
Near Boylston Street.

BOSTON. 214

## UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

JOHN E. DeWITT . . . President.  
Home Office, AUGUSTA, Maine. Assets, \$8,129,925.68. Directors' Office, 153 Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS.

All Policies issued after April 1, 1877, which shall have been in force three full years, will be entitled to all the benefits arising under the "Maine Non-Forfeiture Law," or if surrendered within ninety days after lapse, paid up policies will be issued instead, if parties prefer.

Practical Results of the Maine Non-Forfeiture Law, passed February 7th, 1877. Illustrated by a Whole Life Policy issued at age 30, and discontinued after three or more full annual premiums shall have been paid in cash.

Premiums paid before Lapse.		Additional Time Under the Law		Amount of Death occurs Last Day of Extension.	
No.	Am't.	Age when stopped.	Days.	Age at Death.	Am't of Policy.
1	\$601	33	2	312	36
2	98	34	3	313	36
3	1,135	35	4	314	36
4	1,389	36	5	315	36
5	1,639	37	6	316	36
6	1,918	38	7	317	36
7	2,243	39	7	317	36
8	2,720	40	8	318	36
9	3,207	41	8	319	36
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DANIEL SHARP, Vice-President. A. G. MILTON, Actuary,  
J. P. CARPENTER, Secretary. A. HUNTINGTON, Medical Director.  
H. D. SMITH, Ass't Sec'y. NICHOLAS DE GROOT, Cashier.

Active Agents Wanted. Apply to Directors' Office, or to any Agency of the Co.  
NEW ENGLAND AGENCIES:  
BOSTON, Mass. . . . . LOUIS W. BURHAM, Manager.  
SPRINGFIELD, Mass. . . . . JAMES L. JOHNSON, Manager.  
PORTLAND, Me. . . . . B. C. BEAN, Manager.  
BOSTON OFFICE, 153 TREMONT STREET.

## DR. NICHOLS'S WROUGHT IRON FURNACE!!!

INVENTED AND PERFECTED BY  
DR. JAS. R. NICHOLS,  
Editor of Boston Journal of Chemistry.

Thousands of these Furnaces are in use in all parts of the country, and it enjoys, in a greater degree than any other Hot Air Furnace ever made, the patronage and support of the Scientific and Medical Fraternity. Improvements have been made from time to time, until it now stands without a rival as the most perfect and efficient Hot Air Furnace. Our Pamphlet, with an account of experiments by Dr. Nichols, and the cause that led to the invention of the Wrought Iron Furnace, mailed upon application.

LE BOSQUET BROS.  
MANUFACTURERS,  
Haverhill, Mass., and No. 14 Bedford St., BOSTON.

## BLYMYER MFG CO BELLS

Church, School, Fire-alarm, Fire-works, low priced, various sizes. Catalogues, Plans, etc., sent free. Blymyer Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.

## McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Manufactures those celebrated Bells for Churches, Academies, &c. Price List and Circular sent free.

HENRY McSHANE & CO.,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

## CHURCH BELLS.

[Established in 1820.]

WILLIAM BLAKE & CO., formerly Henry H. Hooper & Co., continue to manufacture Bells of any weight required, single or in chimble, made of Copper and Tin, in the superior manner for which this establishment has long been noted. Address WILLIAM BLAKE & CO., Cor. Allen, Irving and Charles Sts., Boston, Mass. 215

## BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Established in 1827.  
Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, mounted with the best Burying Machines, for Churches, Schools, Academies, &c. Price List and Circular sent free. Address WILLIAM BLAKE & CO., Cor. Allen, Irving and Charles Sts., Boston, Mass. 215

## NOVELTY! NOVELTY!

We desire to call special attention to the new

## Mosaic Carpets

(Of which we have obtained the exclusive sale), a CLOSE IMITATION OF BRUSSELS in manufacture and patterns, and of the UNUSUAL WIDTH OF A YARD AND A HALF, which we offer at

96 Cents Per Yard, Full Width.  
(37 For Price, Style and Quality the goods are unequalled.)

LEARNARD, HARTLEY & CO.,  
DEALERS IN  
CARPETS, PAPER HANGINGS, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, ETC.,  
103 Washington Street, Boston.

P. S.—On receipt of the price and 24 cents (actual postage) we will send a yard of the carpet, which makes a useful rug 1 yard by 1 1/2 yard. 324

## CARPETINGS!

25 PER CENT. SAVED  
By buying your Carpetings direct of the Manufacturers.

## JOHN &amp; JAMES DOBSON,

The Largest Manufacturers of Carpetings in the United States, are offering to the purchasing public, at lowest manufacturers' prices, their large and complete stock of New and Elegant patterns in

Wiltons, Royal Velvets, Brussels, Tapestries, Three-Plys, Ex. Supers, Supers.

Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, etc.

Call and examine their goods before purchasing.

WAREHOUSES, - - - - - 44 Washington Street, Boston.  
FACILITIES, - - - - - Falls of Schuylkill, Pa.

## The Darning Machine

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.  
POPE MFG. CO.

45 High St. Boston. 216

## The Henry F. Miller

## PIANO-FORTES.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

Variety of Styles Manufactured—  
A New Invention—The Centennial Exhibit—Reputation Gained—Caution, Etc.

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smallest sizes to the large, elegant drawing-rooms of the city.

The uprights are also of two different sizes, and may be found in elegant cases. The popularity of this class of piano-fortes varies in different sections of the country; but assurance is given that the uprights manufactured by this establishment will prove thoroughly reliable and durable. Within a few years the concert grand piano has been added to the list, and Mr. Miller is making a specialty of constructing these instruments, regardless of cost, in order to supply the demand for the finest and best instruments of the world; and although the high cost of this style necessarily somewhat limits the demand, yet they have met with a ready sale, and

their superior merits have at once brought them prominently before the musical public. All of the Henry F. Miller piano-fortes, from the lowest price to the highest, are manufactured from the very best materials, and the workmanship throughout is of the highest grade of excellence.

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The patent pedal upright piano-forte supplies a demand long felt by organists. It consists of the attachment of pedals for organ practice to the upright piano-forte in the manner as shown in the cuts. Figure 1 represents the piano with pedals ready for use. The pedals are similar to those used on the church organs of the

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The Centennial Exhibit of the Henry F. Miller Pianos was remarked by every visitor interested in the piano-forte department. The picture will recall it to many. It is with pride that the manufacturer appeals to every visitor to the Exhibition to remember that his exhibit was always open to the inspection of not only the musical public, the mechanics from near and far, but also his competitors; every one having free access to his space, the manufacturer feeling assured that an inspection of his instruments by every one could only add to the world-wide renown of the superiority of his production. It is a well-known fact that visitors were not allowed to inspect the productions of many other piano manufacturers claiming emi-

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## Agencies for the Henry F. Miller Pianos

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HENRY F. MILLER,  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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